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Anniversary Issue

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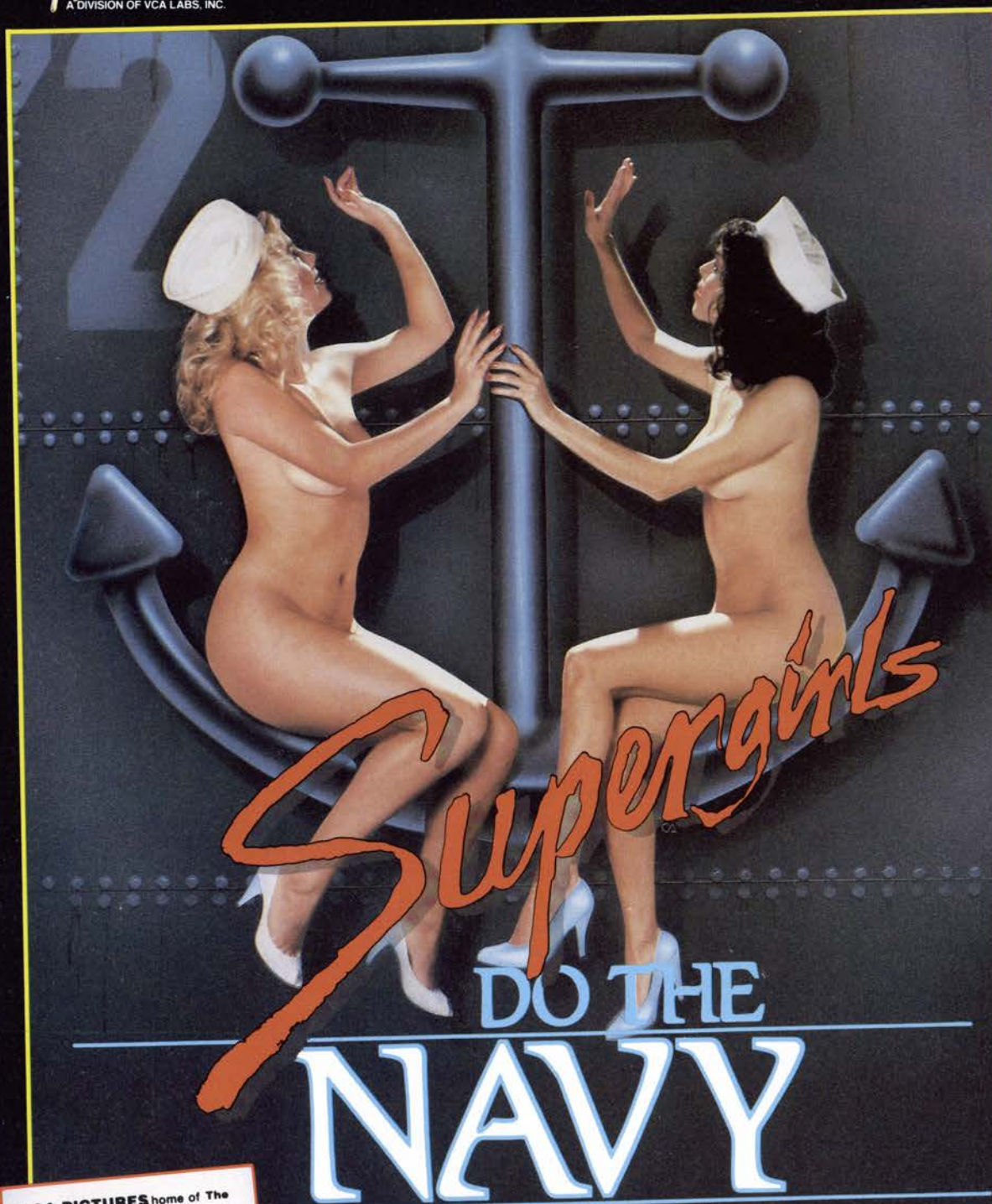
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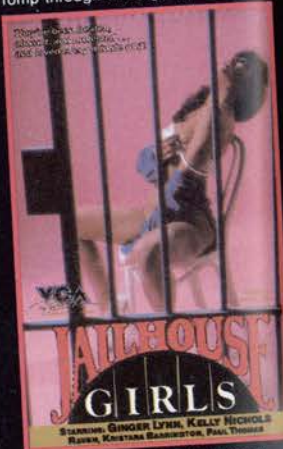
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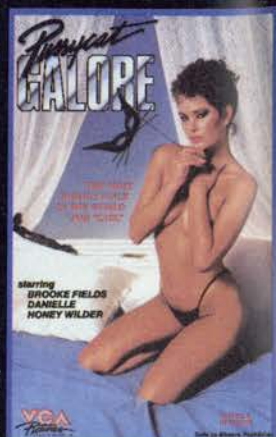
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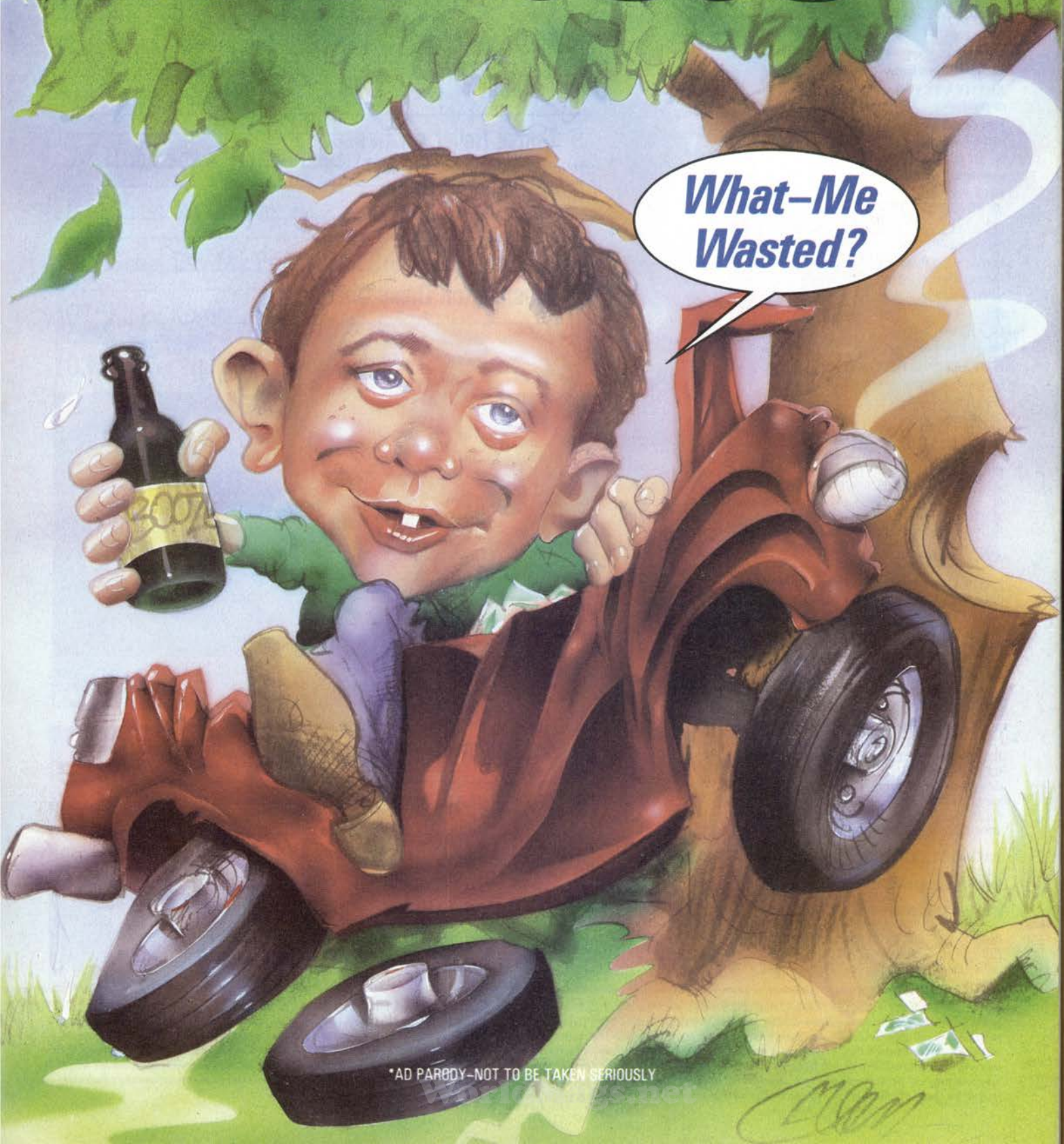
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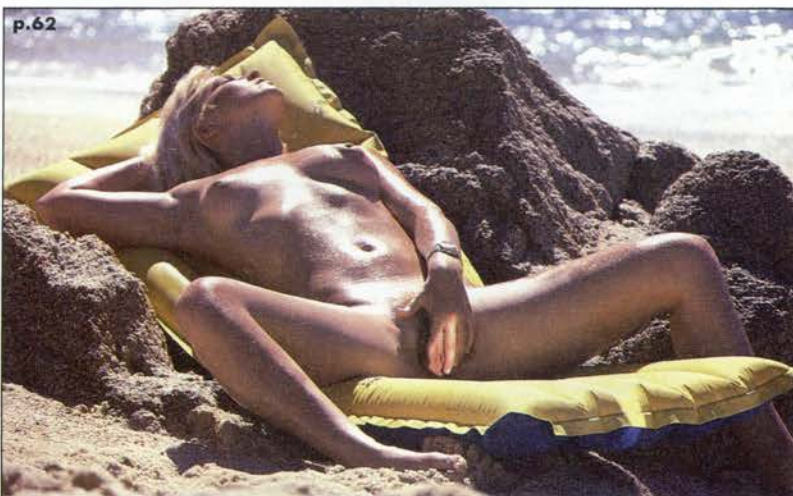
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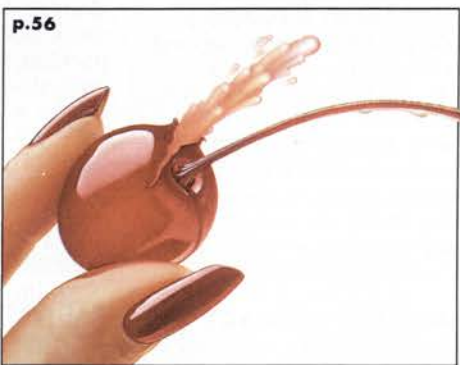
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## On the Cover . . .

After months and months of searching, our Talent Department found a well-hung Prince lookalike willing to show us (and an eager female partner) his stuff. Then we called on a master of erotic photography, Bob Veze, to shoot a scorching pictorial (see pages 90-99) and the riveting cover for this, our 11th Anniversary Issue.

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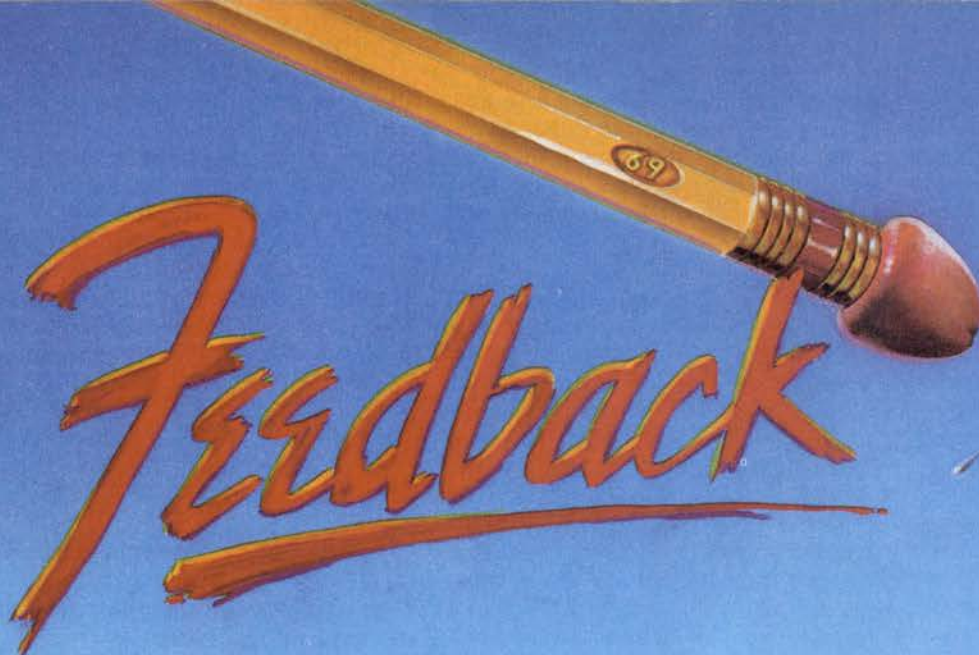


*Little Marvel fits easily in your shirt pocket.*



*Little Marvel is about the size of a cassette tape.*





### CALLING A SPADE A SPADE-II:

Barbara Keith-Smith and her February '85 *Sex Play*, "White Women/Black Men: What's the Attraction?," are both pieces of catshit. Your readers and the dumb cunt who wrote it should be made aware and understand that when you refer to a person as a white man or a white woman, you are referring to a person of the white race. But as far as I'm concerned, any and all white women or white men who have had any kind of relationship with a black person can no longer be considered white. He or she is a Caucasian, or light-skinned person, a dropout. And to any white man or white woman, he or she's a disgrace to the white race. So Missus Smith, if you're reading *Feedback* this month, from now on when you write an article, try doing a little research on the subject before you start. In closing, you make me sick!

-Turk

Tracy, California

I just received your May '85 issue and read *Feedback* first thing. I am writing to you to strongly disagree with the letters from E. M. and Carol R., which were under the subtitle "Calling a Spade a Spade."

First of all, Mr. E. M. is a rude critic. Mr. E. M., I work with black people every day, and I see many very attractive black men, although I have never been to bed with one. You must be extremely conceited to say that your looks can't be beat by any black man! Wrong! As far as your threatening to stop buying HUSTLER, go ahead! I took your place!

And, Ms. Carol R., with your Ph.D., common sense should tell you that—except for their color—Negroes are just the same as us white people. Big fucking deal! I'd like to inform you that there are just as many white people who don't take baths as there are black people who don't. Apparently, Ms. Carol R., you

haven't been around black people enough to know that many of them are just as nice (and clean) as us. So you can take your Ph.D. and shove it!

-Lace

St. Louis, Missouri

Dear E. M.—I'm almost ready to paint my skin black at the thought of being the same color as an asshole like you. Let me guess: Your wife's place is in the home, you slap her around occasionally just to let her know who's boss, and your favorite beer mug has a picture of Jesse Helms on it. The ladies I know—and there are a bunch of them—would rather go out with the ugliest kinky-headed, wide-nosed, boot-lipped half-breed in the entire world than with a pinhead like you.

HUSTLER, I applaud you for your struggle in this world of conservative,



Tara

fascist fuckheads. After all, if you're bringing people—and I use the term loosely—like E. M. out from under their Klan costumes, then you must be doing something right.

-Joe H.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

### DEAR NEWSWEEK:

If I said that I was appalled by your article *The War Against Pornography*, it would be an understatement. With the exception of a few sentences, it was incompetent.

First of all, the article almost completely neglected to categorize the types of sexuality involved in pornography in order to get a fair understanding of what should be considered violent and what should not. Second, you wasted your time doing a *Newsweek* Poll when you should have spent time and money conducting a study to show whether or not some types of pornography do "cause an increase of violent sexual acts among certain sectors and groups within the general population." Third, you didn't even bother defining the word *pornography* for your readers, many of whom don't know the definition. According to *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*, pornography is "the depiction of erotic behavior (as in pictures or writing) intended to cause sexual excitement." Finally, and perhaps most disturbing, the title of the article was not specific enough. It should have been titled *The War Against Violent Types of Pornography*.

Now let's get to the meat of your arti-



cle. What evidence is there that non-sadomasochistic heterosexual, bisexual and homosexual pornography causes or "encourages" violence against women? Granted, these types of pornography may cause an increase in sexual relations, may cause an increase in masturbation, may-through causality-increase the proportion of sexually transmitted diseases and may cause many other things, but what violence does it cause? Indeed, if these types of pornography cause anything, they cause an increase in sexual love, which is hardly violence.

As far as the feminists are concerned, they are generally proponents of nonsense. Most pornography takes at least "two to tango." Men are commonly portrayed in pornography, and many of them are considered "stars" because women like them. (Of course, homosexual and bisexual men also like them.) That's right—women also enjoy pornography. Women write letters to the editors of pornographic magazines, proclaiming their enjoyment of them. Women also buy erotic devices like dildos and vibrators, which are promoted in pornographic channels. Are the feminists going to try to tell me that women don't use them? Where did they find out about them? Where did they buy them?

It even seems reasonable to believe that erotic devices may reduce the occur-

rence of sex crimes. Take the love doll, for instance. Wouldn't you rather have a rapist attack and disfigure a love doll than a real woman? Who knows? Love dolls could be an outlet for people who feel they must commit violent sex crimes.

Granted, pornography in general is somewhat base, but only certain porn is truly violent. The problem—by far—of violence against women (and also against the rest of the general population) is in commercial television and PG- and R-rated movies. That's right, feminists! Grab yourself a drink, sit down and watch the nefarious, adulterous and simply murderous characters on your TV screen as they redefine the word *wicked* and bring new dimension to the term "violence against women." Watch them as they kidnap, pillage, rape and murder their way into the dreams of your innocent children as you run your mostly unfounded crusade against pornography. —Zeus III  
Brooklyn, New York

*The above letter, which we have excerpted, was originally sent to the editors of Newsweek magazine in response to its March 18, 1985, cover story on pornography.*

#### FALSE PROPHETS:

I hope that Mr. Flynt wins his appeal against Jerry Falwell and never has to pay

the guy a penny. Falwell recently made the front page of one of Knoxville's newspapers when 15 vagrants attended a fund-raising banquet for Falwell's college in Lynchburg, Virginia.

A Knoxville radio personality received some tickets to the affair and gave them to some vagrants at a local rescue mission. The headline in the next day's *Knoxville Journal* read, "Falwell Unamused by Vagrant Diners." A local satirist wrote a column titled "Chief Jerry and the Puppies." (Puppies are Poor, Urban, Poverty People.) The writer called Falwell's banquet the "Next-to-the-Last Supper."

—M. A.  
Knoxville, Tennessee

*We've always thought of Jerry as a real charitable guy.*

I'm a hundred percent behind you in your fight against that evangelist asshole Jerry Falwell. Falwell has some set of balls to call you—and just about everyone else in the country—immoral. What the fuck does that make him? He's no better. He's a fucking pimp! All those shitface evangelists are pimps. How the fuck can you trust a preacher in a three-piece suit... with a \$500 price tag?

They call themselves "messengers of God"; yet they break the very first rule, which was laid out by Jesus Himself, a vow of poverty. Jesus said, "If you are to follow me, you must give up all your worldly goods. For you don't need them if you have God." That means the house, the wife, the kids and the dog must go. This also means no limo and personal driver, no \$500 suits, no \$5-million glass churches and/or tax-shelters, no Swiss bank accounts, and so on and so forth.

You know, if Falwell got his way (heaven forbid!), we'd all be living in caves reading *Fun With Dick and Jane* while he lives in a 300-room mansion! Calling himself an American also takes a bit of balls. How can you call yourself an American when you think like a fucking Communist?! I'd like to see him stop me from buying my monthly issue of *HUSTLER*. I'd tell him, right to his face, "Suck on a long one, Jerry!"

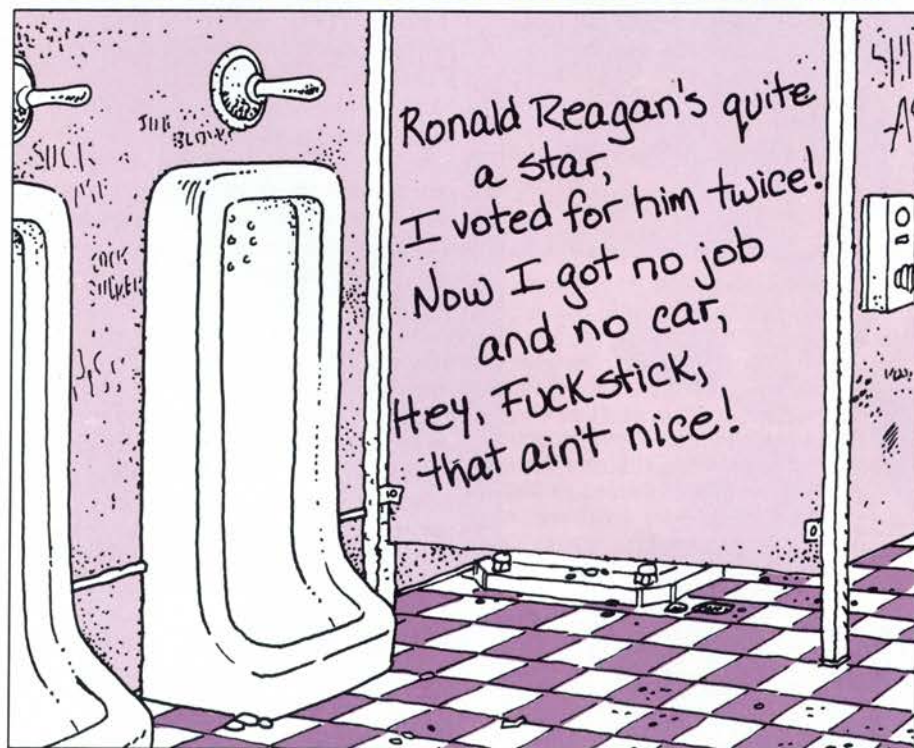
I'll be straight out with you. I'm no saint. (Who the fuck is these days?) No doubt I'll burn in hell, but I'm not worried about it. I'll be in good company 'cause Jerry Falwell will be in the room right next to mine (or close by)! And I'll be laughing in his face for all eternity!

So long live *HUSTLER*, and long live rock 'n' roll. Long live kinky bitches, low-cut blouses and short skirts! So get off your high-horse, Jerry baby, and let's party. I'll pay for the case of Campari, and you can pay for the hookers. But if

(continued on page 29)

JULY *HUSTLER*

# GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$50 TO BETTY B., VENTURA, CA

WorldMags.net



**A**lthough he was a successful comedian in the Soviet Union, Yakov Smirnoff lived with 14 people in an apartment without a shower or phone. "I had it pretty good," he recalls. Now, as America's only authentic Russian comedian—he came here in 1977—Smirnoff performs in Las Vegas and at comedy clubs around the country and has appeared in the films *Moscow on the Hudson* and *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai*. In his latest motion picture, *Brewster's Millions*, he has a starring role alongside Richard Pryor and John Candy. We asked Yakov to explain why he is so happy to be, as he says, "a capitalist pig."

When I came to America, I got off plane, and first thing I saw was my name written in big letters: "America Loves Smirnoff." I said to myself, "What a country!" It was hard for me to adjust because there was political campaign on at time. The signs said, "Ronald Reagan Republican," "Jimmy Carter Democrat" and "Johnnie Walker Red." I said, "Jesus, they're running here also!"

I had to learn English so I could get job. So I watched television for three months. Then I realized it was Spanish station. I still make mistakes when I read newspapers. One ad in papers said, "Big Sale—Last Week." I thought, *Why advertise? I already missed it. They're rubbing it in!* Another said, "We guarantee our furniture. We stand behind it for six months." That's why I left Soviet Union. I don't want people behind my furniture.

I had other problems with language. For instance, the word *yep* in English means "yes," but in Russian it means "sex." I came to America, and all I'm hearing is "Yep, yep, yep, yep, yep." I said to myself, "What a country!" I asked friend of mine, "Do you want to do something tonight?" He said, "Yep." I said, "No!" You see, we don't have gay people in Russia. We have homosexuals—they just cannot be gay about it. They get seven years in prison for homosexuality—locked up with other men. There's a three-year waiting list for that.

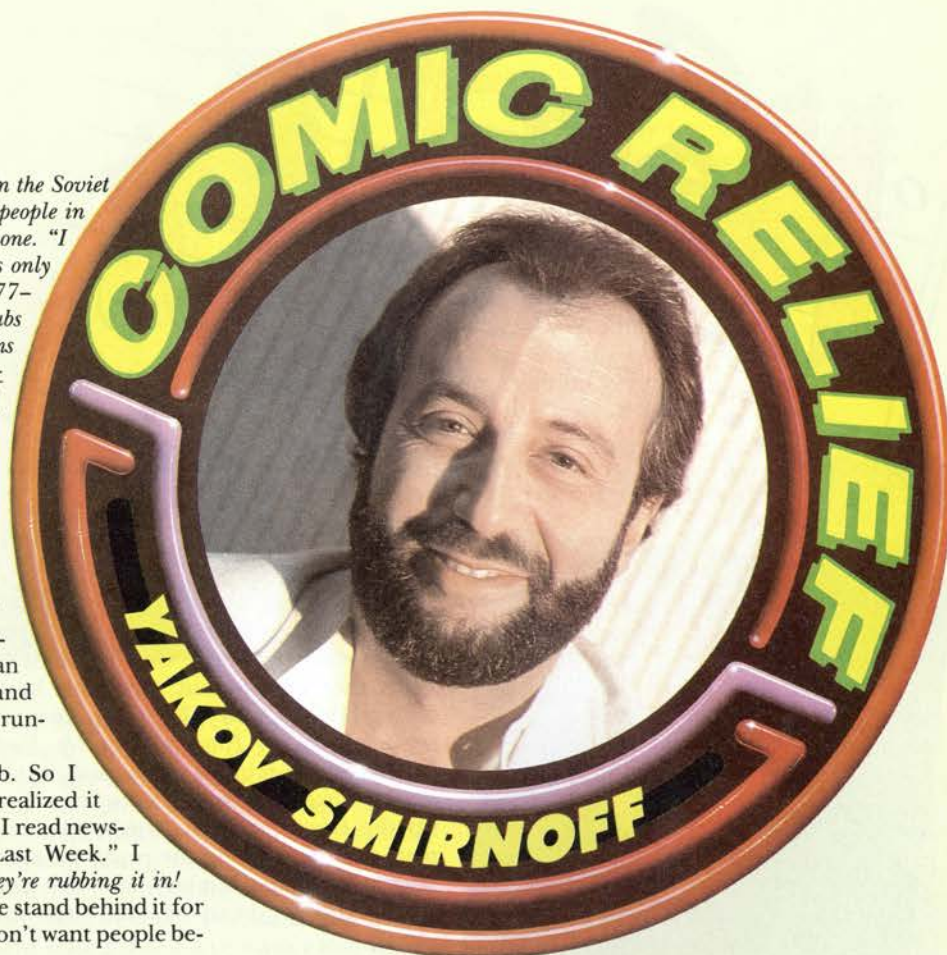
We don't talk about sex that much in Soviet Union. To have sex you need coupon. It's good if you have double coupon; then you can have it twice a year. But you're not allowed to have second orgasm until everyone in country has one—so it kind of slows everybody down.

Russian people don't have *HUSTLER*. There picture of a mother breast-feeding a child is considered dirty—especially when the child is over 16. I came here and saw sex magazines. Some people don't like them; some people love them. But to me, that is ultimate freedom—if you can choose. Girlie magazines are one of three things you cannot bring into Russia. You also cannot bring weapons or Visine—because it takes the red out.

When I came to America, I saw all those novelty shops in Times Square. They said, "25¢ movie." I thought, *Well, that's a bargain.* So I walked in with \$100 in my pocket. When I left, I had two bucks. We don't have X-rated movies in Russia; so I had no idea what was going on. The movie starts from nowhere, and all of a sudden it's big close-ups. I thought, *What is happening? Is that a volcano?*

I had never seen picture of naked woman in Soviet Union. There is reason for that probably. Who wants to see Russian woman naked? That is not a pretty picture.

People get upset when I joke about Russian women; so I want to clarify that it's not their fault that they look like that. They don't have things like Oil of Olay. They have Lard of Olay. The perfumes they have are brands like Evening in Prison—and that's an after-shave. Russian women spend a lot of hours working—digging tunnels and stuff like that. They have big muscles and eat a lot of



starch. So I really don't want to make fun of them. It just happens that this is stereotype Americans have about Russian women, because it's true. A lot of them *do* look like men.

My girlfriend in Russia was big woman. She had 300-pound breasts—each. That's large. She didn't wear bra; she wore leg warmers. Then she bought a "cross-your-heart hammock." She went one time for silicone shots, and the doctor suggested aluminum siding. I had great time with her. Before work I would slap her on behind, and when I came back home, it was still moving. I bought her Hula-Hoop one time, and she thought it was engagement ring. She got excited and jumped my bones—and that hurts. When Russian girl jumps your bones, she means it. She could bench-press me very easily.

There's no place for young people to have sex in Russia. It makes it hard to bring girl home if your grandmother is in same bed with you. You have to send your parents to movies. When you buy them tickets for double feature, they know what's going on—they're not dumb. So if they don't like the movie, they come back. That's when the *real* show starts.

Russians do everything as Americans, except that American women do sexual things different. Like they shower—and that helps. It makes it a little more pleasant—even to be in the same room.

I like American women because they are free. A few of them charge, but most of them are free. They act differently than Russian women. They're not looking over their shoulders to see if they're being watched.

There's no prostitution in Soviet Union. Russian women have trouble *giving* it away. They don't punish you for rape; they make you do it again. There are some singles bars in Russia, but there you "get lucky" if you go home alone.

I like American women much more. They are fun. I met one girl in Los Angeles—one of those Valley Girls. "Oh, wow!" I said, "I really like you. I'd like to show you my apartment." She said, "Hey, man, I'm not buying it." I said, "Neither am I. I'm renting it." Then she says, "Oh, gag me!" So I did! Yep. 🐷



# Melody makers



**W**hat do you get when you cross **Laura Branigan's** vocal power with **Stevie Nicks's** sensual rhythms? How about 24-year-old **Fiona Flanagan**, one of the hottest sirens to cut vinyl in years? This New Jersey temptress—whose debut single, “Love Can Make You Blind,” appeared on the *No Small Affair* movie soundtrack—has several great videos airing across the nation. Call it the luck of the Irish.



**D**anny Spanos, lead singer of the Midwestern rock group **Spanos**, not only has a hit-bound debut LP on his hands in *Looks Like Trouble*, but a possible best-selling book as well. *The Spanos Connoisseur's Guide on How to Pick Up Rock 'n' Roll Women* is in the works, and the talented rocker and groupie-fucker offers up the latest, greatest, tried-and-truest methods for probing the prissy pants of rock's backstage bimbodom. Mick and Rod, you've been beaten to the punch. . . .

**A**re band members quitting **Quiet Riot** like rats abandoning a sinking ship? “Who knows?” says ex-bass player **Rudy Sarzo**. Following Sarzo's lead, drummer **Frankie Banali** has left QR to start a new metal ensemble. What's to become of lead vocalist **Kevin Dubrow**? Apparently the balding screecher—who was recently booed out of L.A.'s Rainbow Bar and Grill—has a budding career in TV commercials. Keep your eyes peeled for Dubrow in a spot for Panasonic in the near future.



Photo by Robin Kaplan

**D**id Santa split his pants sliding down the chimney? No, that's rockin' **Richard Goozeman**, a/k/a **Blackie Lawless** of **W.A.S.P.**, letting it all hang out. Speaking of ballsy behavior, the originators of blood-and-guts metal had their first single, “Animal (Fuck Like a Beast),” banned in more countries than **HUSTLER**, and the group has been barred from Ireland and Germany. What ever happened to all's fair in love and rock?

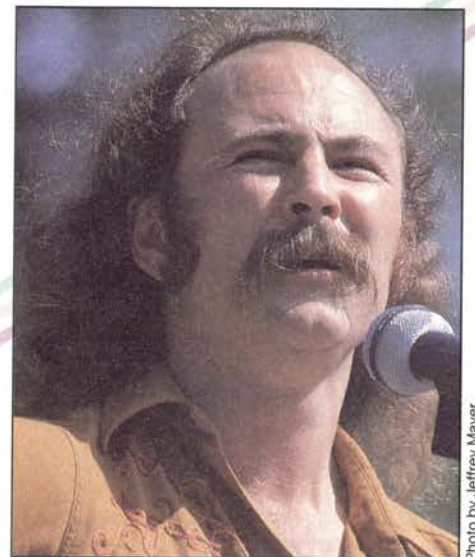


Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

**L**egendary folk-rocker **David Crosby** is having about as much fun behind bars as an antiporn feminist in a whorehouse. Busted in 1983 for illegal possession of a handgun, heroin and cocaine, the 43-year-old Crosby says he's so lonely in the slammer, he spends most of his time crying. Hey, Dave, keep a stiff upper mustache. Remember what you once said about the darkest hour. . . .



**R**ock- and latex-loving dominatrixes, listen up! You may want to whip out your hanky and cry. Underground English psychopunks **Latex Sex Camp** are disbanding . . . for a while at least. It seems that guitarist **Jonty Slut** was crushed in an elevator accident and suffered permanent damage to his internal organs. He's reportedly being nursed back to health by his tyrannical mother, but there's no word on how long the recuperation will take. Punk perverts, you'll just have to be patient.

**T**hanks to his uncanny resemblance to a much younger **Holly Johnson** of England's disco phenom **Frankie Goes to Hollywood**, 83-year-old crooner **Rudy Vallee** is back in the spotlight again. Val-



Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

**H**ey, **Stephen Percy**, is that a microphone in your pocket or are you just glad to see us? Rumor has it that **Ratt's** costume seamstress modifies the appearance of vowel-crushing vocalist Percy's family jewels by sewing an extra pocket into the crotch of his trousers and filling it with panty hose. Female friends of the singer have stated that there wasn't that much gold in those hills last time they went hiking. One former sexual cohort had this to say about the pantyhose-packing Ratt man: "I had to spread my legs way over my head to feel anything as Stephen entered me with his tiny wienie."

**W**hile most touring rock stars have problems with hotels, drug connections and airline reservations, **Dio** bassist **Jimmy Bain** has a new dilemma: Someone is stealing his underwear. "They [the girls] all wanted me shorts," says the shaggy-headed Scotsman. "Now I don't have any to wear back in America." Certainly, this big-buck headbanger could find a small shop somewhere on the road that sells rock 'n' roll undergarments. We just can't feel too sorry for ya, Jimmy.

**S**he's a dictatorial, bossy little Hitler who can't play anything and sings flat too." Not exactly words of praise from one musician to another. On the contrary, these are the sentiments of former **Thompson Twins** touring bandmember **Michael White** regarding full-time Twin **Alannah Currie**. We can't say for sure that White's ravings are nothing but snivel-nosed whines of envy directed to a member of a super-popular group he couldn't get a steady gig with. It's not a bad guess though.



Photo by R. E. Aaron

**I**s racism rampant in the record racket? Black radio stations seem to think so. Megastar **Lionel Richie** personally delivered the first copy of "We Are the World" to white L.A. pop station KIIS, but the superstar-studded single was mailed to black stations several days later. "What's at issue is the blatant disregard for black radio and its listening audience," says Alonzo Miller, program director of L.A. black radio station KACE. Why the preferential treatment for white pop stations? Simple. Some black artists prefer white when it comes to green. . . .



Photo by Sam Emerson

Frankie say, "Who's Rudy Vallee?"

lee plays a ghost in the MTV video "Girls Talk" starring new MCA recording artist **Linda Nardini**. How does the screen and singing sex symbol of the '20s and '30s keep in shape? "I've known more than 175 women in my life," boasts Rudy, "and I've gotten over half of them in the hay. I should be in *The Guinness Book of World Records*."

**D**ust off the rock 'n' roll rockin' chair. Time's a flying. Before you know it, those vibrant faces of pop will show the wear and tear of age. Artist **Peter Green** has an idea of what the future holds for a few of our beloved stars. Just look beneath the wrinkles . . . you'll recognize them.





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# HOT LETTERS

## MOTEL MILK-OFF:

Recently, my girlfriend Sylvie and I decided to drive cross-country from Philly to L.A. Crossing the Midwest was like an episode of *The Twilight Zone* in which we were doomed to travel eternally past the same cornfields, farmhouses, hogs and silos. When we reached Denver, we decided to get a motel room and rest up. I could imagine few things closer to heaven than lying around the pool with Sylvie, who is a 20-year-old college student like myself, a gorgeous, athletic young thing with long blond hair that hangs all the way to her firm, bulging ass.

The first thing we did was put on our suits and head down to the pool. With her scant white bikini on, Sylvie looked like she was born to live in water. Her nipples showed through the cloth like puckered little mouths begging for a kiss. The soft hairs of her lush pubic bush were equally visible. The suntan oil she rubbed into her thighs, stomach and shoulders made her shine like a new penny in the sun.

Sylvie hit the water at once, backstroking across. With each arm stroke her beautiful bustline undulated. She pulled herself out of the pool, her wet hair streaming down her back, and shook water all over me, laughing. Then she used one of her karate moves to throw me into the pool, jumping right in on top of me. We treaded water face to face, kissing for a minute or two. I felt Sylvie's hand slip into my swim trunks and slide around my expanding member, jacking my erect rod till the head stuck out far above the elastic of my swimsuit. She pulled the crotch of her bikini aside and maneuvered her succulent snatch down over my throbbing cock. The sensation of cold water on my rigid prick suddenly changed to something warm, tight and slick. I slipped a hand under her bikini top to feel the hard knot of her nipple under my palm. Water lapped up between our stomachs and chests in rhythm to our thrusting. I felt the pressure building at a steady pace until my cock finally exploded like Mt. St. Helens. Sylvie climaxed a few seconds later.

Then we realized we weren't alone in

the pool. Another couple were in the water and going at it. Apparently, our own performance had stimulated them to get into the act. The young couple went at it harder and heavier until both had found their release. When they were finished, Sylvie paddled over and introduced herself. Before I knew what was happening, we had a date to meet them after dinner in our room.

They arrived around nine. Sylvie and I were lying around half naked as usual—



Sylvie was wearing only a T-shirt, which read EAT SHIT AND DIE. I had on a pair of purple briefs. Our guests, Kevin and Karina, were still wearing their swimsuits. Karina's eyes fixed immediately on the lump in my shorts, while Kevin's gaze kept darting back and forth between Sylvie's blond bush and the erect nipples outlined beneath her T-shirt.

Before long, Karina ended up in my lap while Sylvie nuzzled the 19-year-old stud. Karina was Latin and had long curly black hair and smooth brown skin. She was only 18. Our tongues flickered into each other's mouths like candle flames. I wasted no time unfastening the hook on the back of her bikini top and releasing her luscious big brown melons

from their halter. They must have been twice the size of Sylvie's ample jugs, and the dark shiny nipples were twisted into tight bottle caps. I attacked them at once.

Kevin's hyperactive hormones, meanwhile, were driving him to action. Sylvie's squirming bare snatch on his hairy leg had sent the poor boy into a frenzy. He lifted Sylvie, who wrapped her legs around him as they headed for the bed. He fell on top of her, and she reached to pull his trunks down and guide his stiff cock into her hungry hole. His buttocks began pounding back and forth like a piston, rooting deeper and deeper, as Sylvie tightened the grip of her legs around his waist. He suddenly stopped his frantic pace, pulled out his dick and shot a series of thick white splashes all over Sylvie's face, crotch and T-shirt before collapsing on top of her.

"Me now," Karina whined as we made our way to the bed. I lay back as she stepped out of her bikini bottom and hopped on top of me. Straddling me on her knees, she eased my solid shaft into her greasy slick slit. Then she began to ride it, first sitting straight up and swaying back and forth like a child on a rocking horse, then leaning forward and bouncing on it like a race jockey and finally bucking furiously up and down like a broncobuster.

Kevin crawled over, his cock once again flying at full mast. He came up behind us and bent Karina forward, maneuvering his still-lubricated cock into the tight brown hollow of his girlfriend's ass. I felt his balls colliding with my own as he shoved into her, his massive, thrusting rod separated from mine only by a thin membrane. This double impalement only made Karina wilder with lust. She began to hump even faster and harder.

Sylvie watched this scene with open delight, one of her hands drifting up to pinch her nipples as the other one explored between her thighs. Soon I felt Kevin's penis begin to twitch and jerk. He pulled out and sprayed all over Karina's butt like a suds-throwing fire extinguisher. Just as I felt some of his cum run down



her crack onto my balls, my own rod discharged deep inside her.

The next day at noon Sylvie and I said goodbye to our new friends and headed out for L.A. It had been a pleasant rest period and had left us rejuvenated and ready for Hollywood.

—Ralph N.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

### MOTHERFUCKER (OR MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER):

I'm a 22-year-old guy, 6-2, 200 pounds, somewhat athletic and not bad-looking. I lead a normal sex life—a piece of ass now and then, but nothing out of the ordinary. Until last week.

I had lusted after my friend Steve's mother ever since I met her four years ago. When he first introduced me to his parents, I was absolutely mesmerized with Debbie (not her real name). She was 36 years old at the time, but she had a body a girl half her age would be proud of. With long red hair and big blue eyes, she looked more like a teenage beauty queen than a wife and mother.

That first time I met her, all I could do was stare and mumble. I believe she knew exactly what I was thinking—namely, how much I'd love to screw her lights out. Over the next four years, I fantasized about sex with Debbie constantly. Meanwhile, we'd come to know and like each other, and there were times when I could

swear she might be thinking the same things about me. But it was a long time before I finally worked up the courage to go after what I wanted.

I went to see Debbie one afternoon when both Steve and his father were at work. She was barefoot, wearing orange sweat pants and a tank top. I couldn't keep my eyes off her hips and ass or her abundant breasts. I was getting horny and decided not to beat around the bush. I told her how I felt about her and how I'd felt that way since we first met.

Instead of anger and repulsion, I saw understanding in her eyes. That was a surprise. A bigger surprise was when she told me she found me attractive as well. She had never said anything before because she'd had no intention of cheating on her husband, especially not with someone half her age.

I told her that I had to have her at least once or I'd go crazy and that what her husband didn't know wouldn't hurt him. She wanted to be convinced. Soon I was tenderly kissing her lips, then anxiously French kissing her. Our tongues danced in each other's mouths as my dick began to swell in my pants.

We broke our kiss, and she suggested we continue in the bedroom. But I didn't want to lose the momentum; so I just knelt before her as she sat on the sofa and pulled her sweat pants off in one quick

motion. She wore a cute pair of pink-lace panties. I kissed the dampening crotch and heard her moan.

I removed the panties, placed her legs on my shoulders and buried my face between her luscious thighs. I began to flick my tongue all around inside her. She was breathing heavily as I sucked her hard, firm clit. Warm juices ran freely from her hot snatch. Her orgasm seemed to last for minutes, and the expression on her face told me she was in ecstasy.

I told Debbie to lie on the floor as I undid my pants. She spread her legs, and I began to stroke her breasts through the tank top. I positioned myself and slid my eager dick inside her. Being buried deep in my dream woman's hot cunt was a bigger turn-on than all the other girls I've ever fucked combined.

I slid her top up and pushed the cups of her bra away from her tits. I sucked on her hard nipples as I pumped away at her snatch. She moaned with each inward thrust. "Fuck me harder," she begged. "I need it all."

We both came at the same time, my rod spasming madly as her pussy gripped and massaged me. I unloaded a dozen squirts inside her—it was the greatest thing I've ever felt.

I released my tight grip on Debbie's tits and planted a long, passionate kiss on her soft lips before rolling off her. Now I could honestly say I was satisfied.

We agreed that no one could ever know about what had happened and that we would never have sex again. I have yet to feel any guilt or regret about that afternoon. All I know is that Debbie allowed me to live my dream and return to normal life. For that I am most grateful.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Los Angeles, California

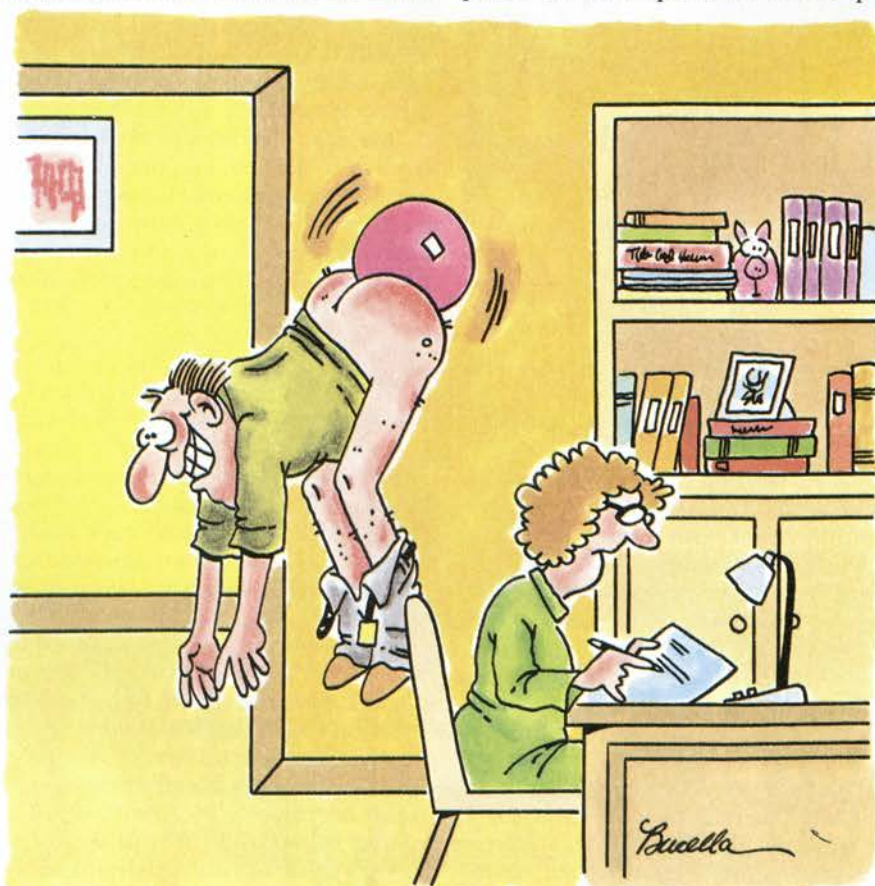
### CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:

It was the last day of junior-high school, and everyone in my class had a fuck-it attitude. We were uncontrollable in homeroom, throwing spitballs and paper airplanes, talking loudly, cursing and breaking every other rule we could possibly think of.

Miss Janet was our homeroom teacher. She was a tall, pretty brunette with a pair of tits that would make Dolly Parton shrivel with envy. Taking our wild behavior in stride, she simply put on her glasses and read a book. But while she may have tried to ignore us, we sure as shit weren't ignoring her! Those fabulous boobs and shapely legs were the main topic of discussion among the class males. "The Queen of Knockers" was our pet name for her.

During lunch a bunch of us got a vicious game of warball going in the gym.  
(continued on page 108)

JULY HUSTLER



"Dear Answer Man: What do you do with a husband who likes to swallow his gum and fart?"



# WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

## Capital Scoops

### Foot-in-Mouth Disease and an SEC Wife Beater

by Larry Flynt

Every year Washington's ruling elite and media stars gather for a white-tie dinner that is supposed to be strictly off-the-record. Under the auspices of the Grid-iron Club, politicians and famous journalists roast each other with skits and one-liners. But this year something went wrong: Ronald Reagan wasn't funny, and news of two of his most tasteless jokes leaked out.

Mentioning America's agriculture crisis, the President cracked, "I think we should keep the grain and export the farmers."

And responding to "rumors" that he sees a therapist thrice weekly, Reagan assured his audience that there was no cause for concern, that he was only having a "problem" with pushing buttons.



South Dakota's Larry Pressler (l.) and Nebraska's Robert Kerrey found no humor in Reagan's corny remarks.

Following on the heels of Reagan's slip on the radio last August about bombing the Russians, no one laughed. The crack about farmers drew audible boos, and at least two farm-state pols, Senator Larry Pressler of South Dakota and Governor Robert Kerrey of Nebraska, were visibly irritated.

Asked about the farm comment the next day at a press breakfast, Reagan seemed unaware that his foot was in his mouth. Did he regret the joke? "Yeah," he said, "'cause I didn't get a laugh."

Said a spokesman for the National Farmers Union: "He's been insensitive to everything else. Why should he apologize for this one?"

Reagan did get some guffaws, though, for two one-liners.

"I got some good news from Geneva," he said. "Nancy, your watch is ready." And describing how boring it is being President, Reagan said to break the monotony, "Every few days I call CBS and ask for Jesse Helms."

\* \* \*

A 1970 federal report that followed a study of pornography in the United States concluded that porn should be of little concern to Americans. Now Uncle Sam is going back into the business of worrying about the state of the nation's morals.

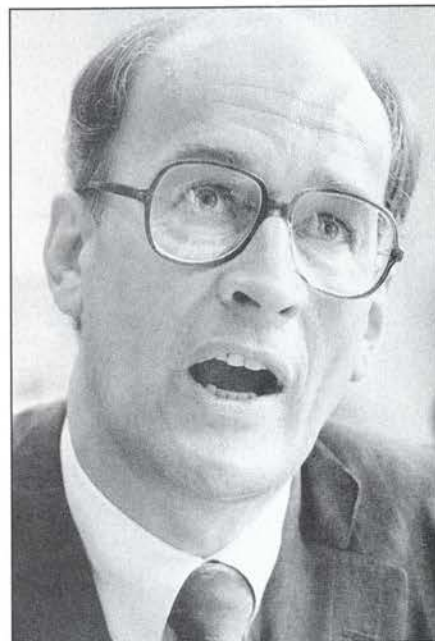
The Justice Department is creating a major federal commission to study how the government can control the production and distribution of pornography. Barry Lynn, the legislative counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, said the proposed study that "begins with the erroneous assumption that explicit sexual speech is a major national problem . . . poses great, great dangers to the First Amendment."

\* \* \*

In his 1984 State of the Union address, Ronald Reagan vowed that his administration would "intensify our drive against . . . horrible crimes like sexual abuse and family violence." But when White House Counsel Fred Fielding received word that the head of the Securities and Exchange Commission's enforcement division, John Fedders, was a wife beater, nothing happened.

Then last February the *Wall Street Journal* reported that Fedders, involved in divorce proceedings with his wife, admitted to having beaten her at least seven times. That wasn't news to the White House; Fielding had been told that and more in a letter Mrs. Fedders wrote after hearing Reagan's strong speech against family violence. She never mailed it, but family members slipped it to Fielding. It got no response.

Just before last November's election Mrs. Fedders's sister called Fielding, who then summoned John Fedders to the White House for a talk. Apparently nothing came of that meeting, for it wasn't until the *Wall Street Journal* story that the White House acted. It stood behind Fedders, noting his superior job performance. But within 24 hours the firestorm of publicity surrounding Fedders forced a quick change in strategy, and he resigned.



John Fedders, former head of the SEC's enforcement division, was a real enforcer at home as well.

Footnote: As part of Mrs. Fedders's daily routine of serving her domineering husband, she laid out his suit, socks and underwear each morning and picked up his clothes where he dropped them each night. And John Fedders didn't allow his wife or sons to wear shoes in their carpeted home.

\* \* \*

Every once in a while one of the bad guys gets nailed. Former Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Thayer quietly pleaded guilty in March to charges of obstructing justice and giving false testimony during a Securities and Exchange Commission investigation of a \$1.9-million insider stock-trading case. Up until his admission, Thayer had loudly protested his innocence to the press.

One piece of information that came to light with the indictment was the name of Thayer's girlfriend. Apparently, his wife has forgiven him his indiscretion; the Thayers are still married, and he's broken up with his girlfriend.

Also on the personal side of the case, the stockbroker with whom Thayer is alleged to have pulled off his scams, Billy Bob Harris of Dallas, is rumored to have been a very close friend of former NFL quarterback Craig Morton.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)



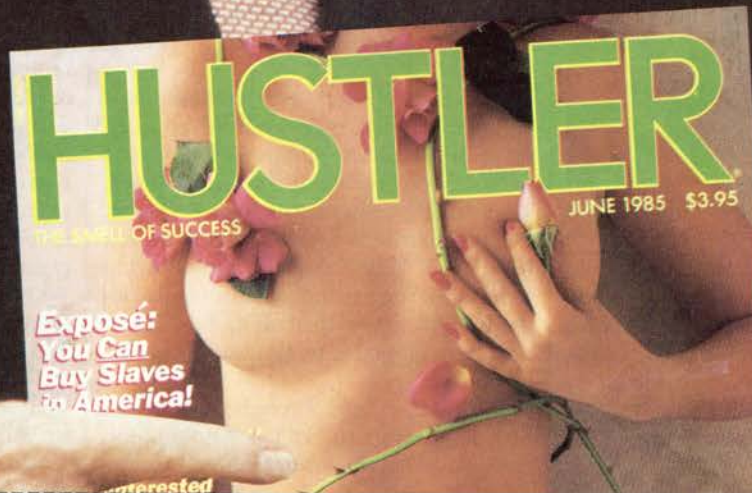
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"Last night, Nancy and I were lying in bed, ah, doing nothing (as usual), and she said to me, 'Ronnie, what's that you're reading?' Well, by golly, I tried to cover the magazine up but, you know, the little woman's got quite a curious nature. So, ah, I told her, 'It's the new HUSTLER, Nance. Care to take a peek at the thought-provoking articles, pud-stiffening pictorials or crash-and-burn satire?' By gosh, she shocked the willies out of me and said, 'I sure would!' Now Nancy and I fight over every exciting issue of HUSTLER. We wouldn't trade our subscription for all the missiles in Moscow. Heh, heh. . . ."

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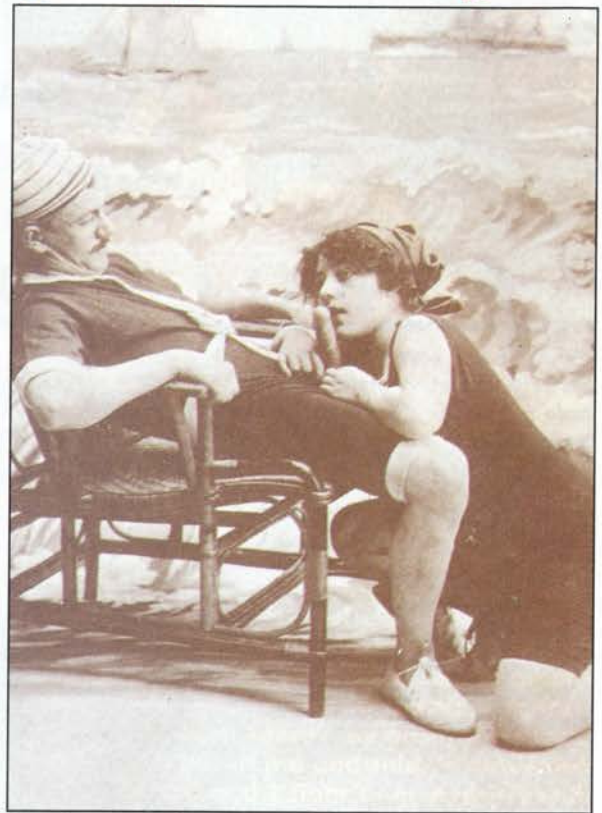
## Like Father, Like Son

**T**his recent photo of England's first family, supposedly by an IRA terrorist posing as a HUSTLER photographer, reveals that little princes William and Harry definitely favor their old man.

Not everyone is happy about this, but Princess Di is looking forward to the children being able to fly from the roof of Buckingham Palace. "You know," she says, "like in that adorable American film *Dumbo*."



## Porn From the Past



If you have any well-aged smut around, send it to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. And enclose a SASE for return of photos. We pay \$150 for any we publish.

## Our Gang

**R**ead the newspapers and watch the news. What do you see?

Blood in the streets, death in the schoolyards, mayhem in the subway. Wild, ruthless teenagers are roaming America's alleys and avenues, and no law-

abiding citizen is safe from these marauders. But fear not, good people. We've got a solution. The Adopt a Street Gang program, organized by a small

group of disgruntled ex-Guardian Angels, is designed to take the violence off the streets and put it back in the home . . . where it belongs.







## A Blessing in Disguise

**A**fter a late night of delivering last sacraments, baptizing babies, issuing Papal bulls, huddling with heads of state and breaking bread with right-to-lifers, it's not easy for the Vatican's

No.1 citizen to get himself together for morning mass. In fact, on rare occasions you can even catch the Pontiff with his pants down. Smile, John Paul... you're on *Catholic Camera*...



## Gastronaut

**E**ver wonder what happens to our NASA men when they've eaten too much of the *wrong* stuff? And where did those gasbag scientists first get the idea for jet

propulsion? This kind of intestinal fortitude is what makes our boys in silver capable of traveling deep into the bowels of the unknown for close encounters of the turd kind. As for those who can't cut it... blow it out your ass, fellas!

## Hello, Dummies

**N**o, you are not looking at a press photo of Ron and Nancy taken just after a recent Rose Garden luncheon. This is, in reality, another of the uncanny artistic creations stitched by the dexterous Roger Law and Peter Fluck, the two men responsible for the hand-crafted characters featured in the hit British TV series *Spitting Image*. Jim Henson, eat your Muppet-loving heart out.



Photo by John-Lawrence Jones



# CHIPPY

For Horny Hackers

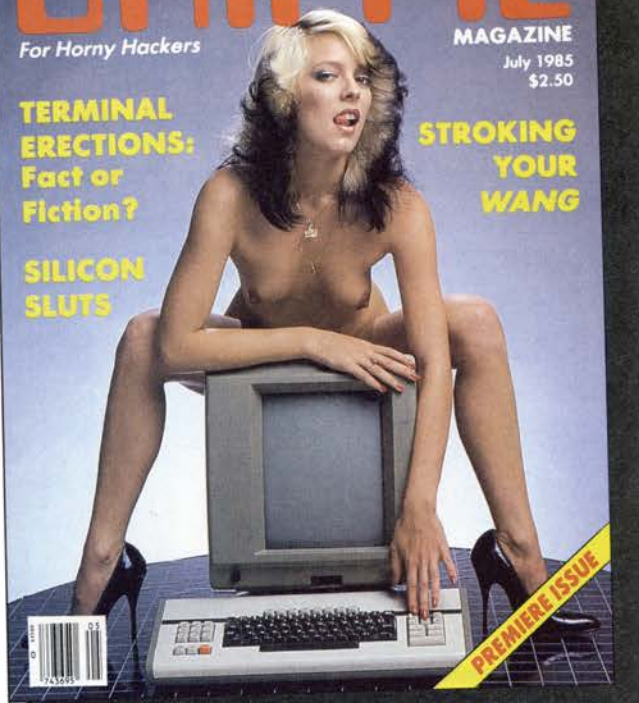
MAGAZINE

July 1985  
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**TERMINAL  
ERECTIONS:  
Fact or  
Fiction?**

**STROKING  
YOUR  
WANG**

**SILICON  
SLUTS**



## Programmed for Passion

**A**t last a publication devoted to sex maniacs who get hot at the keyboard. Whether it's features on fucking with floppy discs, love bytes or pud-raising print-outs, *Chippie* is guaranteed to take the *soft* out of software.

## Stool Pigeons

**L**ook, up in the sky! It's a turd, it's a . . . ah, never mind. You know the rest. What you don't know, however, is that the skies over many U.S. cities—Cleveland springs to mind—are becoming cluttered with a new breed of flying fecal matter that don't give a shit about where (or on whom) they land. "Hey, Marge, did you feel a raindrop?"



## Nursing Home

**T**here it is—at the signpost up ahead—just a few miles down Mammary Lane, that special clinic where titless mamas can take their tots for a balanced meal. For flat-chested femmes lacking in lactose, it's the breast place in town.







# Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

July 1985

## The More the Merrier

Bucharest, Romania—Population explosion? What population explosion? As far as Romania's Communist president Nicolae Ceausescu is concerned, you can't have too many babies. Despite the fact that many Romanians are already forced to live in unheated, overcrowded apartments and wait in long food lines, Ceausescu wants to increase the workforce and is therefore embarking on a national drive to up the birthrate. Most of his efforts are targeted at high-school girls. The legal marrying age has been dropped from 18 to 15, special classes have been set up for pregnant schoolgirls, all contraceptives and abortions

(except in the case of medical emergencies) have been banned, and young women must undergo regular pregnancy tests, which they are encouraged to score positively on.

## Just Deserts

Islamabad, Pakistan—They don't take sex crimes lightly in Pakistan. When a father and son raped their maid, the result was a public flogging and a three-year jail sentence—for the victim. It seems that the young woman couldn't meet the court's standard of proof; a rape has to be substantiated by four male witnesses. Nor could she positively identify her attackers, as she is blind. Therefore, when she bore a child as a re-

sult of the rape, an indignant Pakistani court convicted the shameless and unlucky hussy of adultery. (The conviction has since been overturned.)

## The Bottom Line

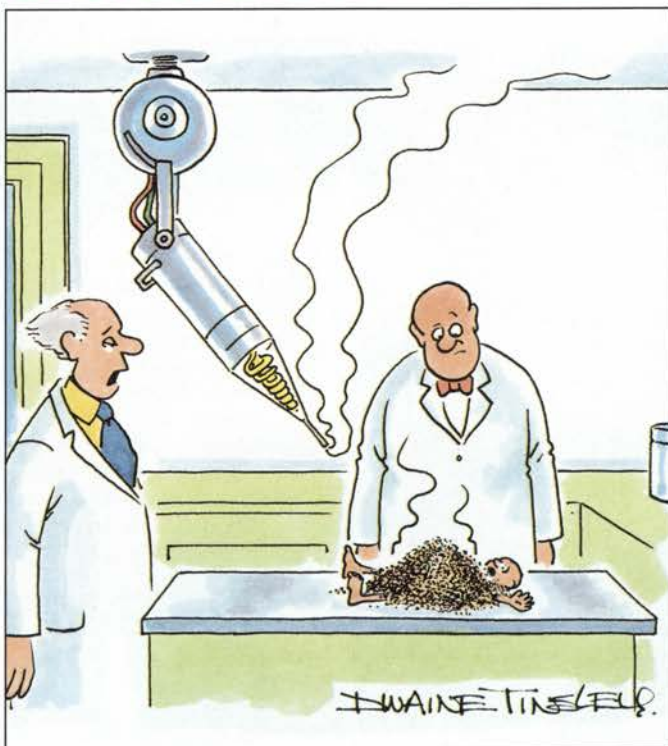
Kleve, West Germany—A local prosecutor was apparently just trying to speed up the judicial process when he arranged to drop misdemeanor charges against 22 teenage boys. For his trouble, 42-year-old Ulrich Baehringer was given a two-year suspended sentence for perverting justice and causing physical harm. Baehringer's condition for dismissing charges was that he be allowed to come to the boys' homes and whip their bare bottoms, which he

described as "a quite normal form of chastisement."

## Yellow Fever

Tokyo, Japan—If you thought American television was sleazy, wait until you get a load of late-night TV in Japan, where the sole concern seems to be good dirty fun. Among the more popular features are stripping duels between men and women from the studio audience, guided tours of the local "love hotels" and a competition in which young ladies remove their panties while male hosts dash about trying to catch reflections of bare buttocks in the bottoms of frying pans. Interestingly enough, it is still illegal to show any pubic hair.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Nope, I don't think we're quite ready to go public with laser circumcisions..."



## Bath Slippers

Now you can soak your feet and get around the house at the same time—watch out for those slip-

pery soles though. Our next logical step will be to develop a shower cap for those who need to soak their heads.

## Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For July, \$150 goes to Dieter Kuhrmann. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.



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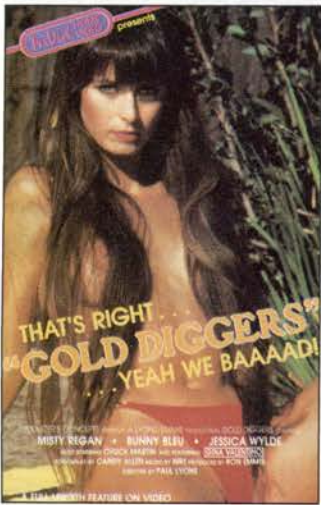
# PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, *HUSTLER* provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

## Gold Diggers

(TriVid Home Video) Hollywood classic *How to Marry a Millionaire* was the inspiration for this fun-and-fuck-filled porn epic in which three hot chicks (Misty Regan, Bunny Bleu and Jessica Wylde) try to turn their twats into gold mines by marrying wealthy bachelors. Ringleader Misty sets the plan in motion by renting a mansion for the weekend with a



bad check—and a great fuck for the real-estate broker (newcomer Chuck Martin). The security agent (Greg Rome) is bought off by a torrid trip up Bunny Bleu's love canal—then scared off by



Pert cupcake Bunny Bleu mines her own business in 'Gold Diggers.'

the (mis)information that she's under age. The caterer (ravishingly beautiful Gina Valentino) is similarly put off: Wylde's probing tongue and expertise with a double-headed dildo make her forget all about her bill. You'd think the girls would be fucked out by the time their prospective husbands arrive, but they've only been warming up. The trio show Mark Wallace, Shone Taylor and Steve Drake a million-dollar good time, but only Wylde gets her man. Misty and Bunny are pissed, but stay philosophical ("There are other fish in the sea,"), and when Martin shows up



'Gold Diggers' Jessica Wylde and Bunny Bleu hit paydirt with Steve Drake.

with the bad check, they quickly and happily fuck their brains out. *Gold Diggers'* excellent production and ball-burning sex make this tape worth its weight in pure pleasure.

—Jack Mortimer

## You Make Me . . . Wet

(Video) This well-directed and smoothly edited hooterama is a tit man's dream. For 85 minutes Janey Robbins, Tracy Austin, Pam Jennings and the incomparable Christy Canyon shake their shaboos for assorted casabaz-crazed girl- and boyfriends—including Bunny Bleu, Barbi Dahl, Tom Byron, Greg Rome and Ron "Bazooka Bone" Jeremy. The sex, though fairly conventional (the closest things to kink are Robbins's and Jen-



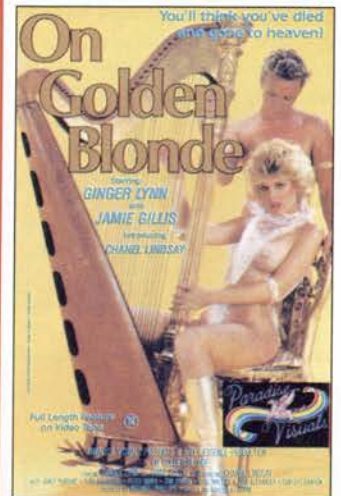
nings's bald beavers), is consistently steamy . . . and needless to say, there's tit-fucking galore. The major flaw in this tape is the constant stream of moronic pseudo-sex chatter—punctuated with moans and groans—that serves as a soundtrack. But even this is a small price to pay for *Wet's* nonstop action. Besides, you can use the other hand to turn the volume down.

—D. O.

## On Golden Blonde

(Paradise Visuals) Although the title implies that what we're going to see here is a sexual spoof featuring Katherine Hepburn and Henry Fonda-types vaulting each other's bones in an idyllic countryside setting, no such luck. Instead, *On Golden Blonde* is a takeoff on the legit classic *Heaven Can Wait* . . . and umpteen apol-

ogies to Warren Beatty and Julie Christie are in order. This tape is blah city, to put it mildly. Except



for a meaty anal exploration of Janey Robbins by Tom Byron and a few (too few) glimpses of Christy Canyon's impeccable bosoms, *Blonde* is just another shot-on-video exercise in stupid porn. Oh, yes, there is one other thing that's worth seeing: Mason Rains's not-so-bad impersonation of the late James Mason. It almost makes up for the cliché sex scenes and a musical score that would have drained the life out of a 1960s driver-education film. Sappy. . .

—D. O.

## The Idol

(Western Visuals) This full-length tape is marred by poor sound, choppy editing and frequent focus fuckups, but there's plenty



of sex, and some of it is torrid stuff. *The Idol* is John C. Holmes—the ol' cuntbuster himself—who falls victim to three fans (Jennifer Summers, Jessica Savage and Misty Anderson) who drug him, tie him up and keep him as a sex slave. After observing their sear-



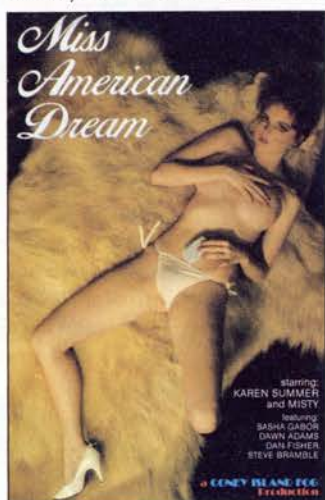


Porn stud Greg Rome buries the bone with two ravishing bimbettes in 'The Idol.'

ing lesbo threeway, Holmes dutifully dorks the sluts with his love girder—then disappears until the final scene, when he's set free by a grateful Jacqueline Lorian, whom he's treated to her first orgasm. In between the Holmes sequences is some masterful porking of uncredited bimbos by pornstuds Greg Rome and Dino Alexander, and Mark Wallace slipping the salami to grinding grandma Helga (our centerfold last month). Sex-dynamo Crystal Breeze, though credited on the box and in the titles, does not appear in this cassette. —D. O.

## Miss American Dream

(Coney Island Fog) No one intentionally sets out to make a bad

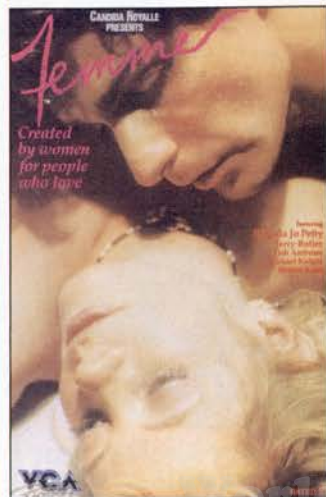


video—though you couldn't prove it by *Miss American Dream*, one of the worst-produced and worst-directed sexvids on the market. Practically everything about it is amateurish or embarrassingly cheap: script, acting, dialogue delivery, pacing, editing

and sound. Even the lighting and camera angles seem specially chosen to make the performers look unattractive. The only contributions this cassette make to porn are the discovery of superstud hunk Steve Bramble and a hint that Misty Regan—whose animal sexuality is always an inspiration—might also be an actress... maybe the Goldie Hawn of porn. —J. M.

## Femme

(VCA Pictures) Heavy on romance and erotic fantasy, this slow, sensual pornvid is aimed at women—and men—for whom the frenzied fucking of conventional hardcore has little appeal. Each of the six episodes in this exceptionally high-quality tape presents an idealized sexual encounter—mainly in which tenderness and passion are emphasized. The effect of watching real people who care about each other have sex is heightened by the total absence of exterior cum-shots. There's pussy-eating, fucking and cocksucking—just no cum-shots. *Femme* will certainly not tense everyone's torpedo,



but there's no question that it fills a need too long ignored by the porn industry. —D. O.

## Where the Girls Are

(Video Exclusives) Here's a whopping 105-minute video of which maybe five minutes are devoted to story. The remainder is jam-packed with semen-drenched, down-and-dirty sex. There's more fucking, sucking, screaming, moaning and cum-spurting per minute than nearly any other two tapes could provide. The framework for this exercise in lust has Brock Stewart interviewing porn stars Craig Roberts and Mark Wallace to get the lowdown



on all the porn queens and "models" they've balled. The list reads like a Who's Who of video sluts: Janey Robbins, Raven, Laurie Smith, Tina Marie, Erica Boyer, Cara Lott, Cody Nicole and Tracey Donovan, to name a handful. Of course, hot bitches such as these don't always depend on the guys to get them off—proof is sultry Tina Marie's red-hot masturbation scene and a scorching threeway femme-fuck between Cara, Cody, Raven and two strap-on, cum-shooting dildos. As if that weren't enough, the entire cast of coozes gets together at the end for a massive lesbian orgy. This one's steam city. —J. M.

## A Taste of Candy

(L. A. Video Corporation) The biggest stars in this lukewarm production are Candy Samples's two mountainous mammaries—reasons enough for her fans to

give this low-rent effort the once-over. But anyone whose idea of a good time involves something



other than a pair of 48EEs undulating their way past a weak story, stupid, self-indulgent dialogue and uninspired actors trying to find happiness under a coating of spunk will probably think differently. All of this, by the way, is accompanied by one of the most abrasive musical scores yet inflicted on the home-video viewer. (Imagine yourself tied to a chair while a bewildered housefly buzzes relentlessly inside your ear, and you'll have a good idea of this vid's soundtrack.) Okay, okay... there are some hot mo-



Candy Samples shows off her remarkable assets in 'A Taste of Candy.'

ments: Rikki Blake and Summer Rose share a searing sapphic shootout, and tit fetishists everywhere will go wild when Herschel Savage slides his sausage between Candy's mounds. On the whole, though, this is a *taste* not everyone will want to *sample*. —J. M.



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## FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

you insist on being an asshole, then you can just kiss a drag queen between the legs!

—D. J.

Mission Viejo, California

I'm a member of the U.S. Army who's stationed at Fort Eustis, Virginia. I really got pissed off today while watching the 12 o'clock news on Channel 10. In an interview Jerry (the Asshole) Falwell said that he and the Moral Majority were ready to join forces with some fucked-up decency organization so they could boycott all 7-Eleven stores because of the pornographic material they sell.

What Falwell and company are trying to do is bullshit. I defend my country 24 hours a day to keep it free. I have a fuckin' right to read or purchase any book I like. If anyone thinks I don't, I'd like to see them tell me to my face. I'd knock the son of a bitch's head off.

—R. K.

Fort Eustis, Virginia

### ANDREA DWORKIN:

This is the first time I have ever written to any magazine, and I feel that I must speak out. I have just finished watching *Firing Line* on my local PBS television station. It was hosted by William F. Buckley Jr., and his guests Harriet Pilpel and Andrea Dworkin discussed pornography. Pilpel seemed to have her head together.

But Andrea Dworkin, in my opinion, is a pig. The show was the first time I ever saw 1,000 pounds of bullshit come out of a 300-pound woman. I'd like to nominate Andrea Dworkin for Asshole of the Year! Thank you for your time. (By the way, you'll be seeing my check in the mail shortly for a subscription.)

—G. J.

Conroe, Texas

### CUM-SHOTS:

I thoroughly enjoy your pictorials of couples getting it on, and I realize you cannot show insertion or you'd lose your place on newsstands. But how about a photo-set showing a hot pussy full of jism? This would allow the model to really get off during the shoot and not compromise the censors' taboos. Also, how about some of those girls in *Beaver Hunt* sending in pictures with hot loads in their pussies? Come on, gals!

—R. A.

Dallas, Texas

*Don't cream your jeans, R. A., but we're planning on running cum-shot pix real soon. Keep your eyes open for a real dripping-wet layout.*

### SACRILEGE?

I'm sorry to say that I can't buy your mag-

azine and enjoy it. Your antireligion cartoons and jokes are sometimes funny, but most of the time they're really sick. I ain't that religious, but your approval of such tasteless humor is too much. Therefore, I will not put any more money into your pockets. When you decide to quit poking fun at religion, please inform me so that I can buy your magazine again.

—Diamond Dean

USS Saipan LHA-2

APO New York

*We don't condemn religion for religion's sake, but we feel that even the Good Lord has a sense of humor.*

### PHOTO SUGGESTIONS:

Wow!! Your April '85 layout *Shayla: In Fine Form* really popped my cock out of its socket. I had a massive spasm of April showers! I enjoy your magazine immensely. Keep inking the pink.

—B. E. G.

Schenectady, New York

P.S. Any chance of your running nude photos of Jerry Falwell's daughter?

*Her father is such a prude, we'd be surprised if the young lady takes showers in the buff.*

### HOT COVER:

I must say that your taste in photographers is outstanding, especially James Baes. Your February '85 cover had the best set of shit-poppers I've ever seen in my life! I love HUSTLER, not only because of the beautiful women but because the articles aren't bad either. By the way, who's the lady on the cover?

—Sergeant William A.

APO New York

*Hey, Sarge, I'm glad you like my ass. If you want to see the rest of me, check out my scorching pictorial in the January '85 HUSTLER.*

—Candace

### SWIMSUIT ISSUE?

Almost every other magazine on the market has a swimsuit issue. I think that a HUSTLER version would be out of sight! Of course, everything that HUSTLER undertakes cums out great.

By the way, the May '85 centerfold, *Tara: Yanqui Delight*, was simply delicious and incredibly feminine.

—B. Linton

San Diego, California

*Swimsuit issues are fine for Sports Illustrated, but it's tough to show pink with a bathing suit in the way.*

*Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.*

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# DANIELLE

## THE LADY IS A CHAMP

**D**anielle is a woman to be reckoned with. "When I meet the right guy, I don't waste any time getting him into the sack," she boasts. "But I hate being hassled by creeps; so I've learned to protect myself." Danielle's dad, a former boxer, taught her plenty about self-defense. "This Hell's Angels type was coming on to me in a bar, and he just wouldn't leave me alone—so I decked him."

Having made her point, the well-stacked Danielle shows her softer side. "The men I *do* like have never had any complaints. My boyfriend and I once spent three days in bed, fucking and sucking every way we could think of. By the time we were done, both of us were kind of puffy and bruised—but we felt great! I'd rather be a lover than a fighter any day." Devilish Danielle is certainly a knockout.

































# INTERVIEW WITH A BISEXUAL

*At age 35, John Stewart is the picture of success. Single and in excellent shape—both physical and financial—he is president and owner of a profitable New York service company that affords him the kind of life most of us dream about: Fast cars, elegant restaurants, first-class travel and, of course, fine women. But Stewart adds one other thing to that list: men.*

*John Stewart is a bisexual. Eight out of ten times he's making it with women, but the other two*

**BY PABLO F. FENJVES**







Morrison



*"I pulled off my pants, sat on the couch, leaned back, rested my head in my hands and let him gobble up my cock."*

encounters he reserves for men—pursuing them with the kind of gusto and bravado the average male American reserves for skirt-chasing. A look at Stewart tells us nothing about his double life. He is 6-2 and weighs 185 pounds. He has a shock of tight, blond curls atop his well-shaped head, and his features are hard, well-defined and—above all—manly.

We met Stewart in his Manhattan office, where he spoke candidly with HUSTLER during two meetings, detailing his business success story and what it is he enjoys doing with men that women can't provide.

**HUSTLER:** You're a practicing bisexual, are you not?

**STEWART:** Well, for the sake of a working definition, the world will label me a bisexual in the sense that I have sex with both men and women. The problem is that nine out of ten people will immediately shoot back with, "This guy is a fag who can't admit it. This guy's queer, and he can't face facts."

**HUSTLER:** And that's not the case?

**STEWART:** No, not at all. Quite frankly, I don't appreciate labels, but if you're

going to look for one that fits, you should use the term "fully sexual," which means just what it implies: That I am a fully sexual person and have enjoyed physical encounters with both males and females in more ways than most people can even imagine.

**HUSTLER:** Where did it all start?

**STEWART:** I guess I was a fairly normal kid in the sense that I started jerking off before I had any sperm in me. You know what I mean, one of those horny adolescents who could count the pubic hairs as they were coming in. But my interest in sex went a little deeper. I wouldn't say it was pathological, but I was intensely curious about the subject. Fortunately, I had an older brother who filled me in on a lot of detail, and so in school I would share the information with my friends and came to be regarded as the resident expert. They made me feel like an authority—and I enjoyed the role.

**HUSTLER:** And all that time your understanding of sex was strictly conceptual?

**STEWART:** That's right. Until I was 13 and a friend of mine from a neighboring school district told me about one of his

male teachers: The guy was queer, he was into giving blowjobs and—best of all—he paid you to come in his mouth.

**HUSTLER:** And you couldn't resist?

**STEWART:** [Laughs.] Hey, a 13-year-old can always use an extra five bucks.

**HUSTLER:** So what happened?

**STEWART:** Well, we went over to this teacher's place, and the first thing that struck me about the guy was that he was a real stud, a very good-looking man. He was tall and well-built, and I couldn't help but ask my friend why this teacher was queer. I mean, he was a winner from the word go.

**HUSTLER:** What had you expected?

**STEWART:** I don't know. A fruitcake? I guess we all have a tendency to think of queers as sort of weird, oddball, reject characters who hang around bus depots and men's rooms and approach the first mark that comes within sniffing distance. But this guy wasn't like that at all. He was very pleasant and made me feel very much at my ease. And when the time came, I simply pulled off my pants, sat on the couch, leaned back, rested my head in my hands and let him gobble up my cock. It was fun—and I made five bucks.

**HUSTLER:** Did you go back?

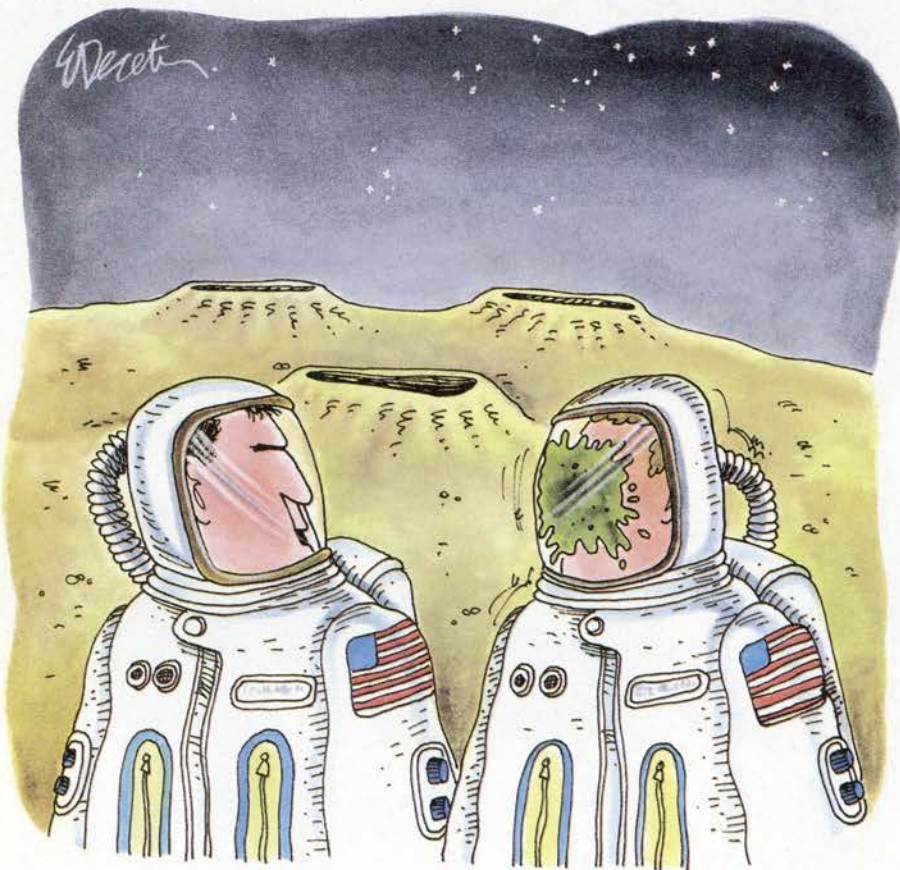
**STEWART:** Sure, but it never progressed beyond getting my cock sucked. I wasn't into anything else. And when I was 16, I finally got my first woman.

**HUSTLER:** And what was that like?

**STEWART:** Well, it wasn't as earth-shaking as I had hoped. She was a little older than I and very aggressive, and she just took charge and handled everything herself. I felt a little passive, you know, and it was all over before I knew it. But it wasn't unpleasant. Just not what I expected, that's all. It reminded me of that great, sad song by Peggy Lee: "Is That All There Is?" Although I must admit that later, as I walked home, I felt pretty virile. I kept repeating to myself, again and again, "Hey! I've done it!" When I was 19, I was getting it where I could. In those days, the late '60s, women were still fairly conventional, and you had to work a little harder to get them in the sack. But they put out if you tried hard enough, and I suppose I got more than my fair share of them. I was eager to get laid, and my curiosity was most definitely piqued by the whole issue of sexuality. I thought it was rooted in something far deeper than simply fucking and coming.

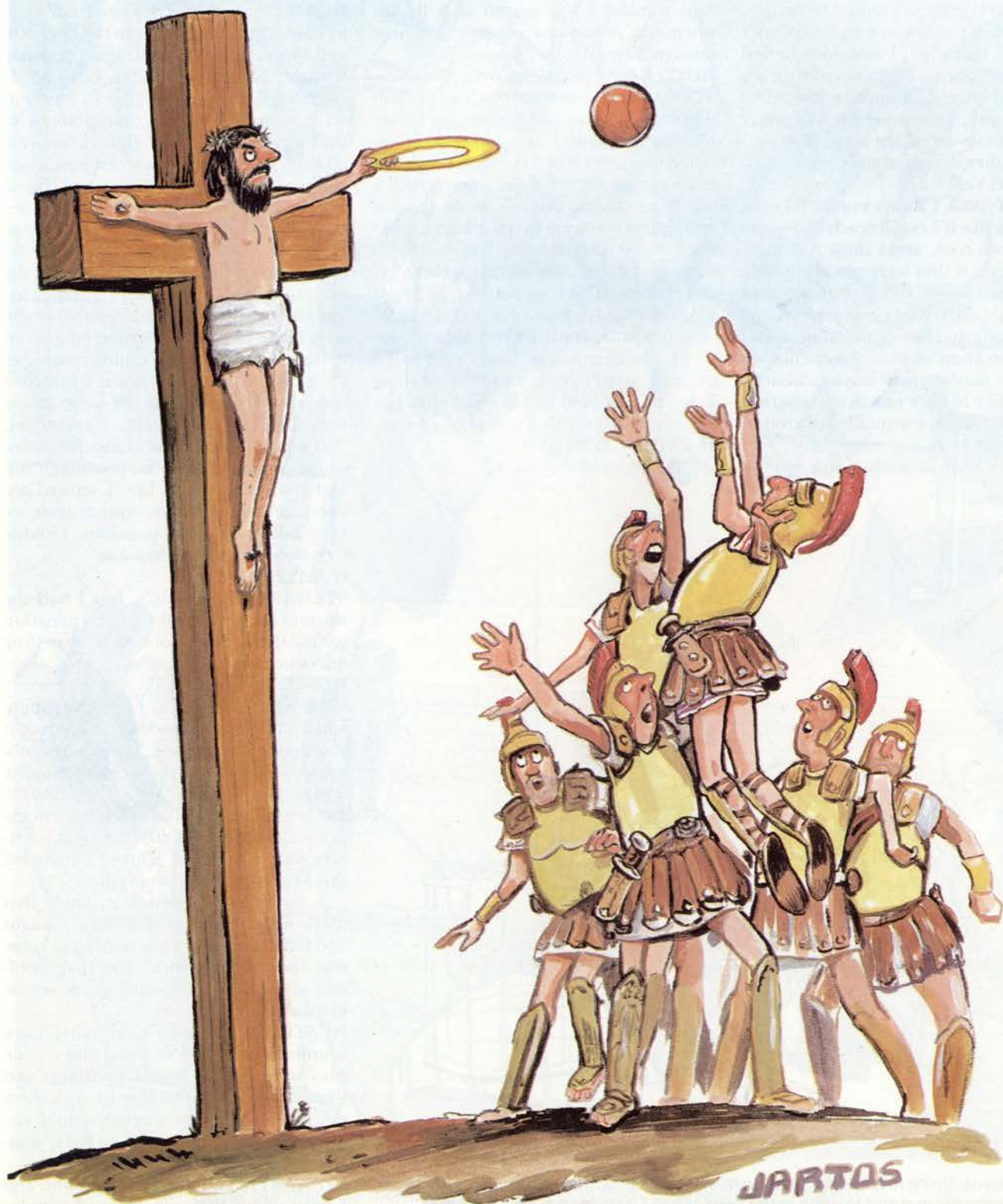
**HUSTLER:** And it was strictly women at the time?

**STEWART:** Yes, but a curious thing was happening to me. I started thinking about men in sexual terms too because, after all, they were physical beings with the same drives and desires as the rest of us. And I guess I began to think of them as potential sexual partners, you know,



"Nasty cold you've got there, Hansen!"







*"Cocks are just sort of interesting and fascinating things, and I wanted to know what they were like up close."*

partly perhaps on account of that early experience with the schoolteacher and partly, I imagine, because I couldn't come to terms with our sexual taboos. Men had sex too, after all. Why couldn't they have sex with each other?

**HUSTLER:** Were you aroused by men?

**STEWART:** I really don't know. What I do know is that when I was alone in bed and hot and horny, I occasionally took a finger and played around in my rectal area and, well, I discovered it was pretty damn sensitive—a real hot zone. [Laughs.] And the other thing was my cock.

**HUSTLER:** Yes?

**STEWART:** Well, I always wondered what it would be like if I could reach down and suck my own cock, and I think that most men—I mean, if they were physically able to get down there and give themselves head—would do it. And cocks are just sort of interesting and fascinating things, and I wanted to know what they were like up close and maybe, just maybe, what it would be like to have one in my mouth.

**HUSTLER:** So you eventually got around to trying it?

**STEWART:** Well, actually, I got around

to trying to try it. I was living in the suburbs at the time. I was 18, and I had a friend, a guy a couple of years older than I, who was a bisexual. He invited me into New York City to have drinks, and we both knew exactly what was going on. And frankly, I was scared as hell. But when you're curious enough, titillated enough, fear goes by the wayside.

**HUSTLER:** So you went to his place?

**STEWART:** No. Actually, we ended up in this really dumpy hotel room in Lower Manhattan. And I remember that we walked in, and we both pushed the dresser up against the door. We weren't taking any chances. And then we sat on the bed and sipped on our respective beers, and I tried to get over my fear, my awkwardness. And eventually we managed to get our clothes off, at least partway, and I got brave enough to touch his cock and play with it a little. But that was about it for me. I was nervous, as I told you, and I certainly wasn't going to stick that thing in my mouth. And so I lay back—just like in the old days with the schoolteacher—and let him do his stuff.

**HUSTLER:** And that was it?

**STEWART:** Yeah, that was it. In the fall I moved to Los Angeles to start college, and I went back to women. I love women, and I wasn't nervous around them. But I was on a limited budget, what with being a student and everything, and it was very hard to meet them. I was 3,000 miles from home and lonely, and I took to thumbing through the classifieds in the hopes of finding some kind of activity that would help me make new friends and meet willing women.

**HUSTLER:** And what did you find?

**STEWART:** Well, this was in the late '60s, and I came across a small ad in the paper for the Sexual Freedom League. It sounded kind of interesting; so I attended a meeting and was disappointed to find a group of counterculture, anti-Establishment leftist types—men and women—who were simply using sexual liberation as a political vehicle. On the other hand, I noticed that the group also contained middle-class and upper-middle-class people who really did have a healthy curiosity about sex, swinging and what has generally come to be regarded as the alternative lifestyle. I discovered a lot of them felt there was something missing in their lives. It was a sentiment I shared. I had always sensed that we were doing something wrong sexually. I always felt that we, as a culture and as a society, were somehow removed from a potentially full and rewarding sexual life. I wanted answers, and so did they. And at least we were asking the right questions. Trouble was, nobody had any answers.

**HUSTLER:** Did you?

**STEWART:** No, I didn't. But I had the will and the desire and the determination to find them. Pretty soon we were getting into some very wild scenes.

**HUSTLER:** Like what?

**STEWART:** Group sex, orgies, swapping and what have you. And the best part of it was that it was *genuine*. There was nothing political about it. We were neither leftists nor rightists. We were *explorers*, and we talked about our feelings and experiences as openly and honestly as possible. And, in a sense, a lot of us needed this kind of peer-group support.

A lot of them needed to know that there were other people who thought and felt as they did. They needed to know that they weren't "sick" and that—in effect—they were the parents of the sexual revolution.

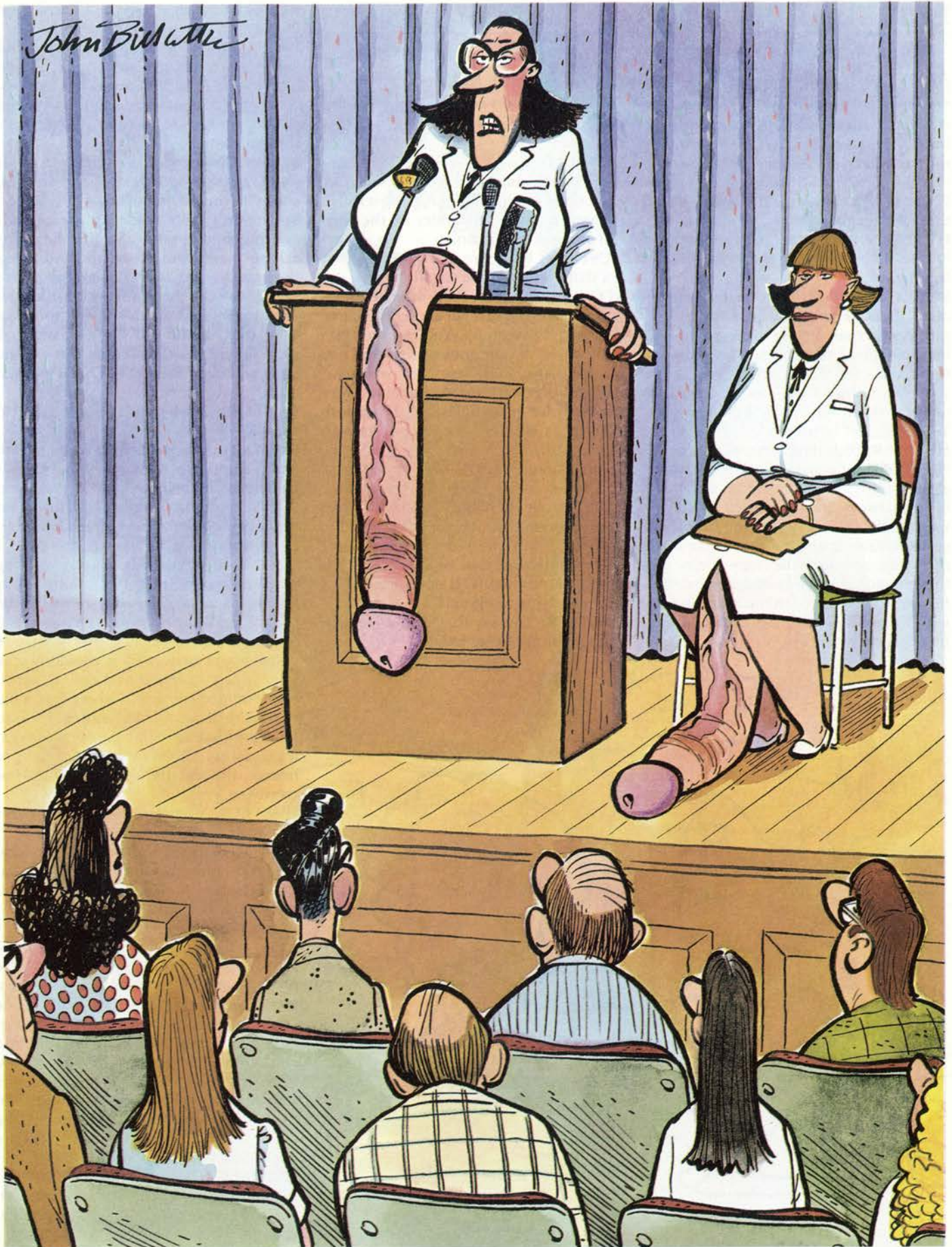
**HUSTLER:** I'm sure that must have sounded wonderful to a married couple who were having sexual problems and thought they might be able to work them out by exploring an alternative lifestyle. Swapping, say. But how often did it actually end in divorce?

**STEWART:** That's a very valid point, and I must admit that, yes, a lot of couples



*"So there I was, trying to talk a drugged-up homicidal maniac into releasing his hostages, dropping his gun and trusting in the Lord, when I decided . . . hey, fuck this!"*





"So far our male-hormone research has produced some promising results. . . ."



*"If you tense up, it can turn into a painful experience, but if you let yourself go, it can be a real pleasure."*

tried and failed and went their separate ways. But just as many couples tried and succeeded and stayed together to enjoy a fuller, richer life. My feeling on this—and I have always expressed it openly—is that there are no guarantees.

**HUSTLER:** What was going on in your life, sexually speaking, as the movement snowballed?

**STEWART:** Well, after I joined the movement, I suddenly discovered that I had the intellectual license to explore sex more deeply. I felt free to explore anything and everything. And for the next six years, before I left Los Angeles and moved back to New York, I did just that. You name it, I've tried it.

**HUSTLER:** Including men, of course?

**STEWART:** Of course. I mean, there are a lot of things you can do with a woman, or with two women—or even with five women. You can eat pussy and fuck their cunts and ram it up their ass and come on their tits and—hell—the only limits are those imposed by your imagination. But there are a couple of things you can't do with women, like sucking cock and getting fucked up the ass.

**HUSTLER:** Assuming, of course, that that's your thing.

**STEWART:** [Laughs.] Well, it is my thing—some of the time. I'd say that seven or eight times out of ten I'm making it with a woman. But the remainder of the time I'm going at it with a man.

**HUSTLER:** What are the basic types of sex that men can have together?

**STEWART:** Basically, there are five things you can do. You can get sucked. You can suck him. You can 69. You can fuck him in the ass with your cock or fist. And you can get fucked in the ass. Now, when two men get together, both of them are very much aware of being men. They both have cocks. And it's one thing for a man to admit that, yeah, maybe he would like to hold another guy's cock in his hand and watch it get hard, but it's another thing entirely for him to say that he'd like to suck it and then, maybe, take it up the ass. And I don't think there's a man out there who, at one time or another, hasn't had similar thoughts. If he denies it, he's probably lying to himself.

**HUSTLER:** You say that with a tremendous amount of conviction.

**STEWART:** That's because I know what I'm talking about.

**HUSTLER:** Well, since you appear to have no difficulty talking about it, let's go back to the first time you had a full, homosexual encounter. For starters, did you tell the guy you were a virgin—if that's the right word?

**STEWART:** Most virgins, to use your word, have been thinking a great deal about having a homosexual encounter, but haven't quite made up their minds one way or the other. So they begin by calling themselves bisexuals, and when they meet a guy they like—a guy they're willing to take the plunge with—they get very nervous. And they want to know what they should tell the guy, whether they should lay their cards out on the table and say, "Be gentle. This is my first time."

**HUSTLER:** And what's your advice to virgins?

**STEWART:** I advise them to be honest, to be up-front. I let them know that there's no shame in being inexperienced and that we shouldn't expect to know what we're doing if we've never done it before. I tell them it's a lot like tennis. What I mean is, in tennis, when we're starting out, we know we're going to look pretty bad out there on the court, at least in the beginning. But it's an acceptable part of playing the game because we know we're going to get better. So it should be the same in sex, except that there's so much ego wrapped up in the whole sex thing that we're afraid to make mistakes, afraid to admit that we don't know quite what we're doing. All I'm saying is that if we're honest, the situation becomes a lot less terrifying.

**HUSTLER:** Were you honest with your first male lover?

**STEWART:** Yes, I was honest with him. And consequently I wasn't terrified. But, of course you're never going to be completely relaxed. And, after all, the idea of taking a big dick up your ass is pretty scary. I mean, the guy who goes to his doctor and gets a finger shoved up there during a rectal exam is generally in a panic, wondering how the hell anyone could enjoy a dick up his ass. But what he's got to remember is that he's in a cold, laboratory situation and that if you took that same man and stimulated him sexually, you'd be talking about an entirely different story. You'd be talking about an experience that—more than likely—he's going to enjoy.

**HUSTLER:** I'm not sure most of our readers would agree with you, but you certainly make no secret of the fact that you enjoy it.

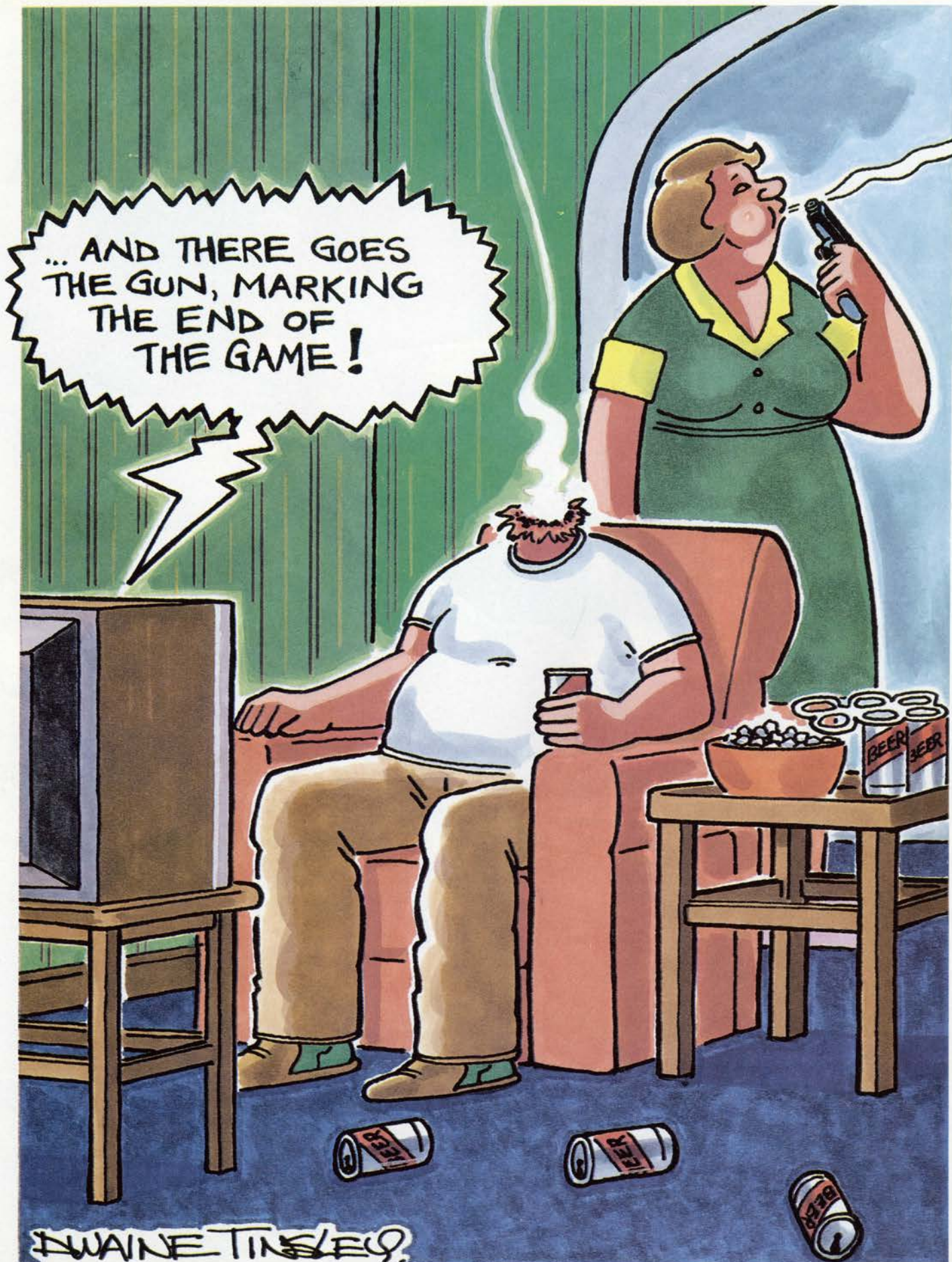
**STEWART:** Well, let's put it this way: The first time I was very nervous and uncomfortable

(continued on page 86)



*"The city is cracking down on transvestites, ma'am. I'll have to ask you to show me your pussy!"*





WVINE TINSLEY







*While her husband hobnobs,  
the newlywed and her maid of honor engage  
in unbridled lust*

# *Here Comes The Bride*



Photography by Suze Randall

WorldMags.net

























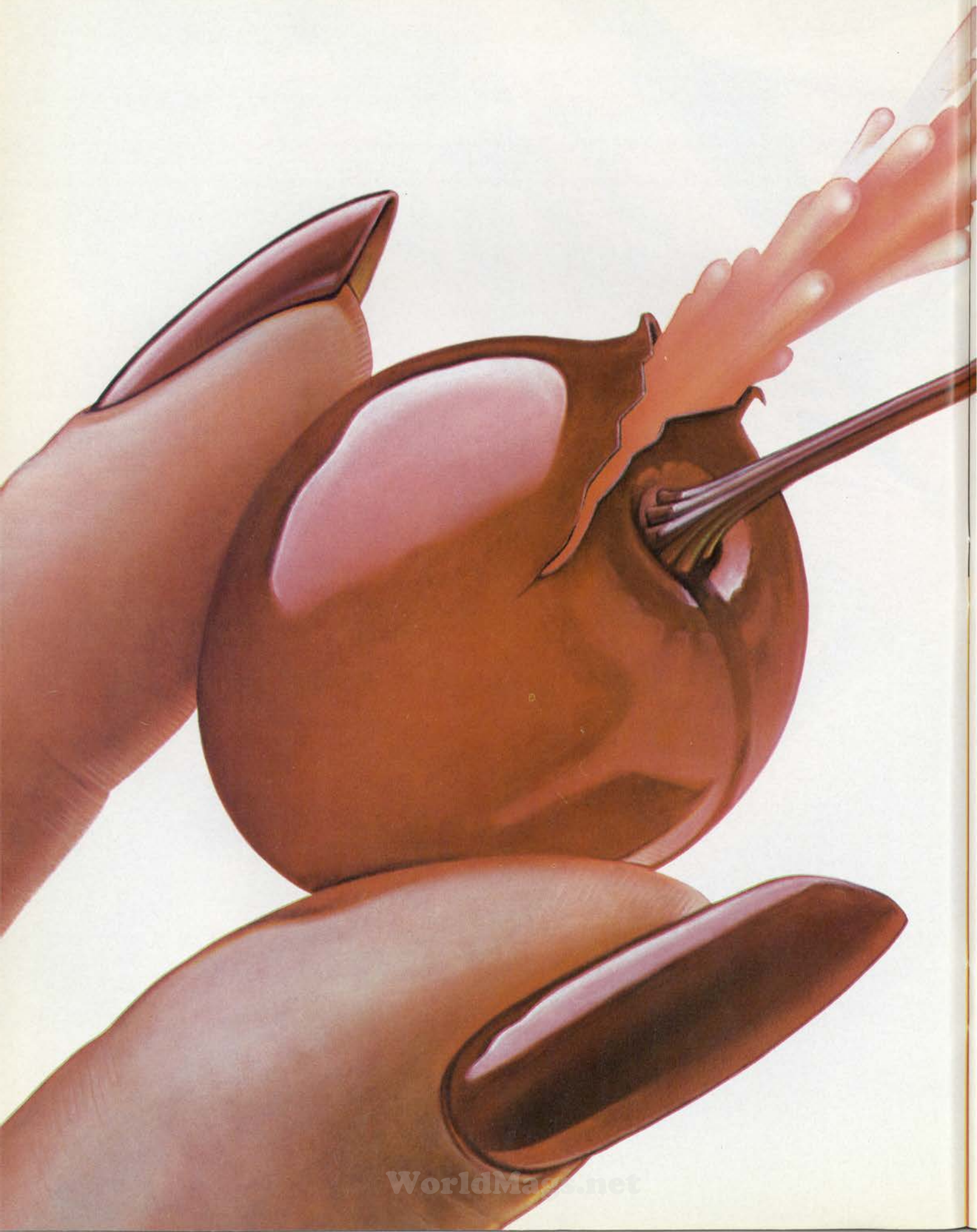




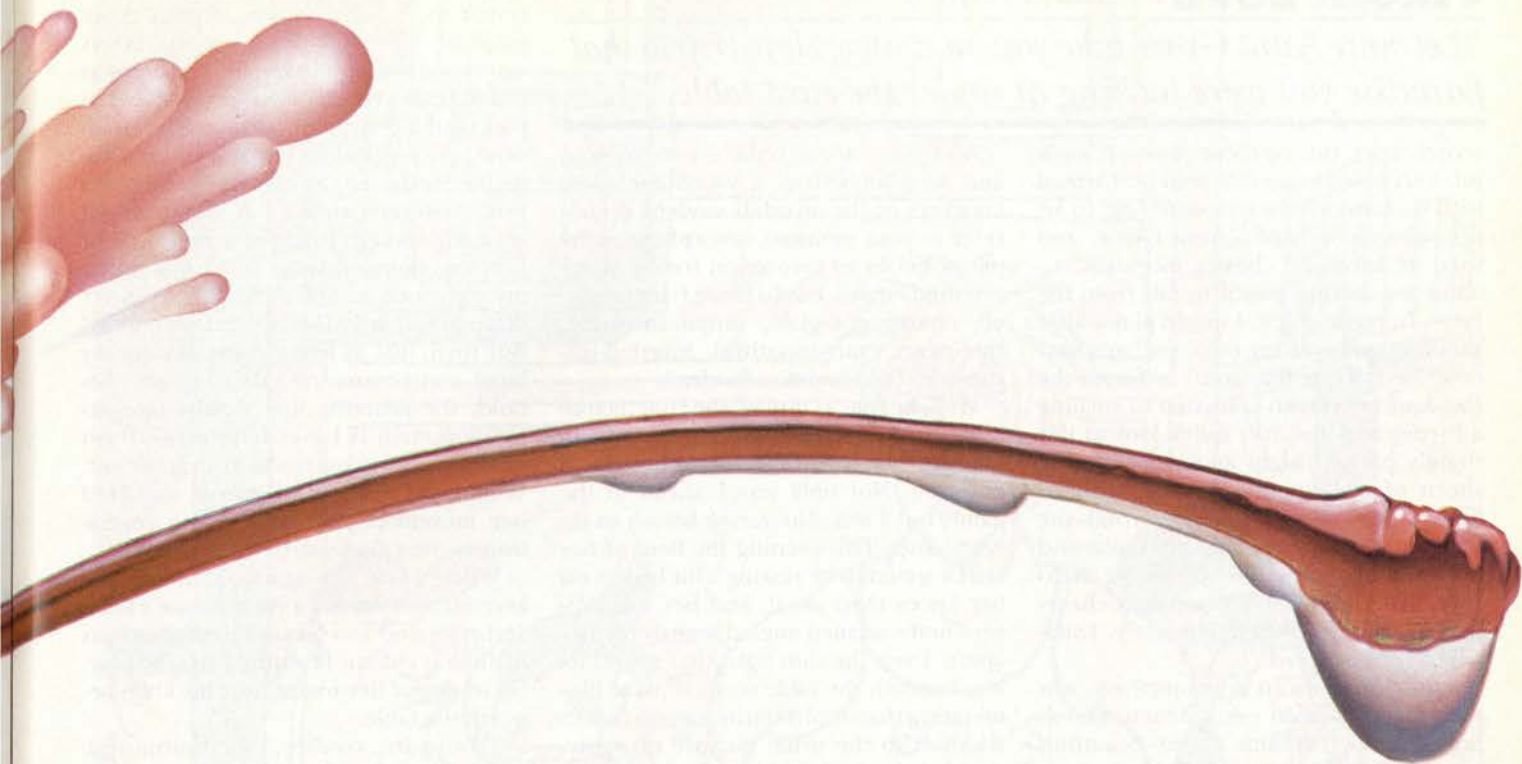












# VIRGIN LOVE

*OR FIRST FAB FUCK by Terry Southern*

I had just turned 13, sophomore at Woodrow Wilson High in Big D, Dal-Tex, and all my 'precious bodily fluids and essence' were seething in a veritable maelstrom of deep thermal turbulence, if you get my drift. During this particular phase of my prepenetration life the object of my affection-fantasy (Stroke City!) was in erratic vacillation between (1) my art-appreciation teacher, firm and willowy Miss Sara Thornton; (2) Cindy Thompson, our No. 1 angel-faced, pleated-skirt cheerleader, whose every cartwheel—indeed, almost her every move—flashed her pert and perfectly rounded derriere in lace-edged ice-blue panties that resembled

nothing so much as a kind of special gift-wrapping for a certain yours truly; and (3) my fabulous Aunt Grace, the beautiful, 28-year-old, green-eyed, red-haired divorced sister of my dear dad.

She was living in Fort Worth at the time, about 35 miles away; and when we (my parents and I) visited her, we would sometimes stay overnight. On these occasions, after dinner, we often played 'Shoot the Moon,' a four-handed card game that enjoyed a certain regional vogue during this era.

As is frequently the case in bolstering the egos of the young by giving them tasks of pseudoauthority, it had become traditional that I be the 'official

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL CORMIER



*"Let your Aunt Grace take you on a nice, slow trip to that paradise you were looking at under the card table."*

scorekeeper' during these games. It was a job I accepted gracefully and performed with dedication—always contriving to sit opposite my beautiful Aunt Grace; and then at carefully chosen moments, to allow my scoring pencil to fall from the table. In retrieving it, I would play a little shooting game of my own, perhaps best described (if one may coin) as 'Shoot the Red-Squirrel'—which consisted of stealing a furtive and absurdly quick look at her slightly parted thighs and the glittering sheen of white-panty V-shape, with its hint of red-tufted paradise beyond—the frilled panty-edge causing her moist and (as I imagined!) ever-sweetening treasure, like that of the pleated-skirt cheerleader, to have been deliberately, *tantalizingly gift-wrapped!*

Aunt Grace, I can say objectively, was the kind of woman every Texan school-boy (literally) dreams about—beautiful, witty, worldly wise and red-haired to boot. ("You reckon her *thing* is red too!?! Hot dang!") She was the sort of woman who could, and often would, match a man drink for drink and never be the worse for it.

And what an incredible *bod!* As lean and long-limbed as a racehorse! And knockers of the ultrafab mode! I do not refer to your monstro, amorphous, sofa-pillow boobs so favored in freaky Mom-oriented circles, but to those firm, uplifted, champagne-glass, nipple-thrusting, ripe-pear, exact-mouthful, inverted-teacup-size, *Texas-perfection knockers!*

Well, be that as it may, the first memorable aspect of the historic evening in question was the grand run of luck I was enjoying. Not only was I ahead in the game, but I was also *scoring heavily on the pencil-drop*. This evening the hem of her skirt seemed to be resting a bit higher on her knees than usual, and her magnificent limbs seemed angled slightly farther apart. Even the dim light that found its way beneath the table seemed more illuminating than it ordinarily was—so that in addition to the usual glimpse of panty-sheen and promise, this night I could actually see (or so I fancied!) beneath the sheen the gentle rise of her Venus mound and her enchanting labial cleft as well!

Indeed, in my feverish lust I imagined that on my subsequent reconnaissance I

might even be able to discern the additional sheen of dampness within those magical folds—which were doubtless warm and pulsating as well! But such was not the case. When I next leaned down to pick up the pencil, for perhaps the fourth time, the magical limbs were pressed together, and even the hem of the skirt was now lowered, somewhat demurely it seemed, enough to cover a half inch of precious dimpled knee, and I remember my sigh (not audible, I trust!) of bitter disappointment. Unrequited depravity! But then, just as I was about to raise my head and resume my place, lo and behold, the fantastic legs slowly, miraculously parted! If I ever felt the hot flush of religious fervor, it was at that instant. What I had to know, of course, was: Had her movement, her astounding revelation... *been deliberate?!?*

When I sat up again, I shamefully averted my eyes from Aunt Grace's face, and my mind was an undulating morass of aimless chaotic lust until I felt the playful nudge of her toe against my knee beneath the table.

"Your turn, cowboy," she murmured, ostensibly referring to the game on the table, but visions of sugar plums—not to mention bubbling honeypots—began to dance in my feverish head.

Even so, I thought I must certainly be dreaming when, at about 4 a.m., I suddenly awoke in my room (just down the hall from hers!) and knew at once I was not alone. And almost as soon I knew who it was... by the insinuating rustle of her taffeta housecoat and by her heavenly fragrance—both all too hauntingly familiar.

"Don't be afraid," she said, her voice hushed with clandestine warmth. "I just want to visit with you for a few minutes—is that all right?" And so saying, she gracefully slid into bed beside me.

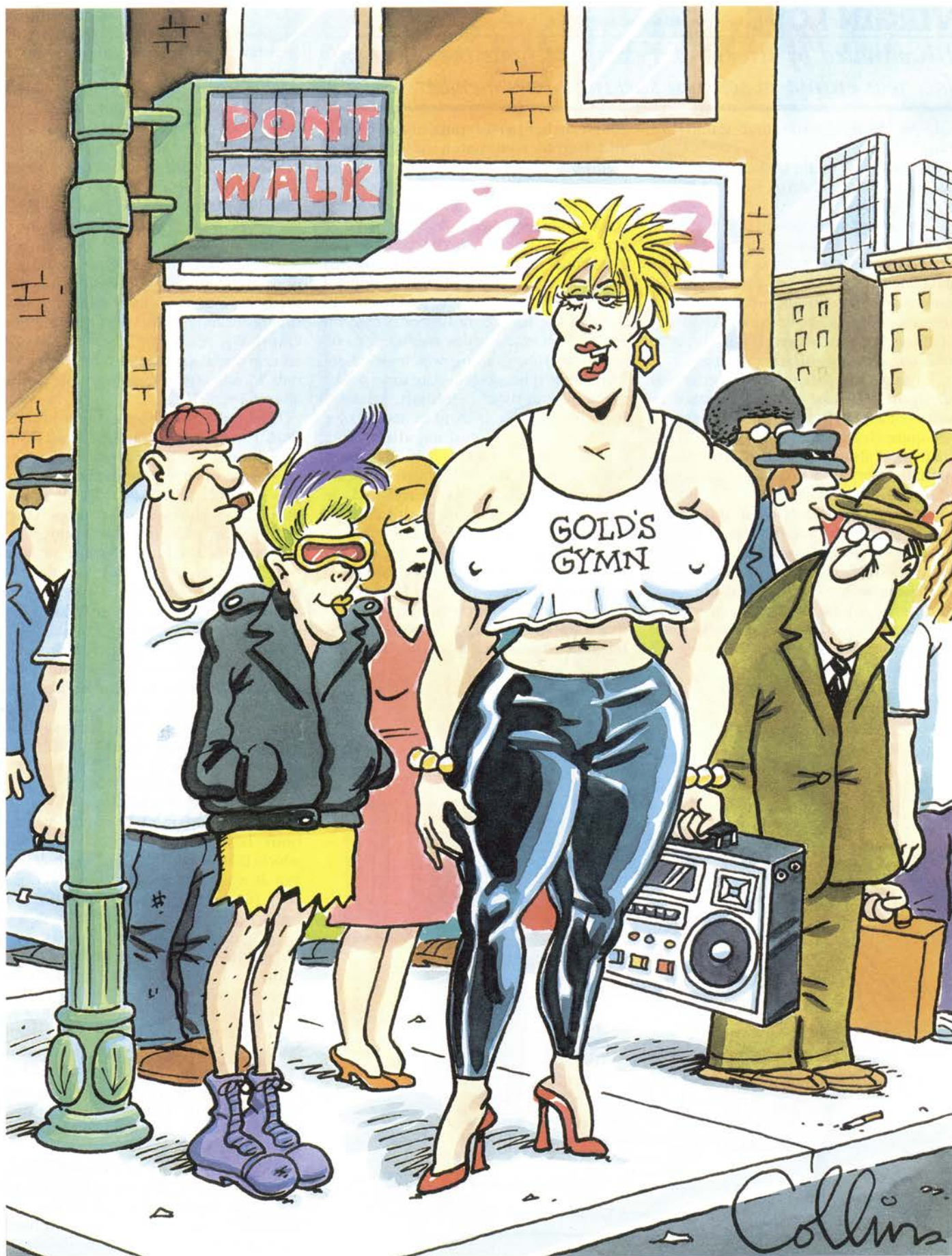
In my stupefaction I wondered if the question ('Is that all right?') was merely rhetorical or if, indeed, I should try to somehow find voice to answer. This would involve, I knew upfront, a considerable amount of throat-clearing, perhaps coughing, maybe even, God forbid, the forced chortle—so as to minimize the probability of my adolescent larynx cracking into a stressed-out castrati. I was mercifully spared all this, however, when Aunt Grace murmured, "I just *know* it's all right," and snuggled close, her taffeta robe now entirely parted so that the unbelievable perfection of her full-length bare frontal aspect was pressed against me... as was her warm, wet mouth on my neck at almost the same moment.

"You just lie still, little cowboy," she purred on, "...just lie still... and relax... and let your Auntie Grace take you on a nice, slow trip to that paradise you were looking at under the card table



"How's your shorthand?"





"I never swallow men's cum—I like to spit it right back in their faces!"



*Illuminated by slivers of Texas starlight, the beautiful face was enrapt in sensual sucking of my member.*

tonight. Now, doesn't that sound like fun?"

But before I could think of even venturing a reply, her warm, wet mouth was covering my own.

I had kissed a few girls in my time, but I never dreamed that a mouth could be this warm, wet and as sweet as some kind of deliciously exotic nectar. And then these same incredibly sweet, wet, warm and tremulous lips were moving across my face, neck, chest, stomach and down to fully engorge my pulsating member.

Through the window next to the bed the room was now softly illuminated by slivers of Texas starlight, and I was able to see quite clearly the same beautiful face that I had always so adored now closed-eyed and enrapt in slow, sensual sucking of my throbbing cock.

Mercifully, she stopped an instant before I came. She raised herself on her knees, reached out, switched on the bed lamp, then straightened up again, now on her knees before me in naked splendor. She smiled enchantingly. "I just wanted to make sure you saw what you've been trying to see all this time," referring, of

course, to her perfect pink-nipple breasts and her blessed patch of tangerine-colored (and *flavored*, as I was later to learn) pubes. Then she spread her flawless limbs astride me—and with a soft ecstatic moan (whether real or feigned is of no matter) she took me deep inside her quivering, grasping, viscous channel of love for my first indescribably wonderful *full vagi-pen!*

Now, the foregoing had occurred on Friday (4 a.m. Saturday morning, to be exact)—so that evening was high-school gym-dance time, double-date time, use of the family-car time . . . in short, Saturday Night City in Big D! And in accordance with time-honored custom, after taking our dates home (having perhaps scored for a fleeting taste—figuratively speaking—of bare knocker, wet finger and the like . . . usually well short of gittin' in her pants), we would pile into a couple of family cars and head for that area of Big D known as 'Central Tracks' or, more commonly, Nigger-Town and thence to the shack of the extraordinary Big Bertha, a 250-pound black woman of indeterminate age and fairly caustic wit. Here

a lad could take his pleasure for, as incredible as it now seems, 25¢ or, more incredible, five milk bottles (due to their refund value of 5¢ each) if low on funds, as was often the case. And I recall one sterling instance where the hour of tryst was actually put off until 5 a.m., when the milkman hit the streets, so that barter sufficient unto the purpose could be collected from the doorsteps of sleeping suburbia streets in Lakeville and Highland Park, and the subsequent and equally poignant image of four or five boys standing alongside the dilapidated shack, pouring the milk out onto the ground (in the belief that the bottles might not have full barter value unless they were genuine empties) until Big Bertha herself emerged and said never mind, leave the milk in, she would give them the full 5¢ allowance.

Now then, prior to the night in question, I had always abstained from losing my virginity in Big Bertha's giant embrace (out of sheer fear of the unknown) and so would wait in the car, along with other peers who had not yet dipped their cherry-wick, while the elders (elder by a few months) filed in to put the wood to Big B, then to return and chronicle the event in wise and lordly fashion. ("Hell, ah had her gittin' her rocks off faster'n ah could count!," "She was comin' like a dang machine gun!," etc.) But now, still heady from my sensational conquest (as I had already come to think of it), I was plenty keen to take my pleasure with the B (*and my peers!*). In any case it was ironic that on this magical night of nights she should take it upon herself to raise her price—in fact, to *double* it.

I doubt that I shall ever forget the exact tenor and resonance of the cracker-honk howl of indignant outrage with which that announcement was received. But it was, if memory serves, a certain Billy Joe Bob Dawson (a heavy 14) who put it into so many words: "Wal, ah'll be dang!" he said, giving a furious kick at the dust. "Ah shore ain't payin' 50¢ fer no dang *black pussy*—when ah kin git me a piece of *white* fer 75!"

Nor am I apt soon to forget Big B's boss rejoinder, delivered laconically: "Thass right, Billy Joe Bob, you jes' go right on an' git you some white-trash pussy for 75, but you study on this too—no mattah it be white on the outside or black on the outside, it be all pink in the goodie!"

Anyway, it was a winner-image, everyone had to agree, and I'm pleased to say I was one of her first clients at the new fee—I think it may have been an early, subliminal manifestation of my share-the-wealth impulse and, I must admit, I've always felt a little surge of Texas pride whenever it comes to mind. 🍷





# NEGRO HEAVEN ...



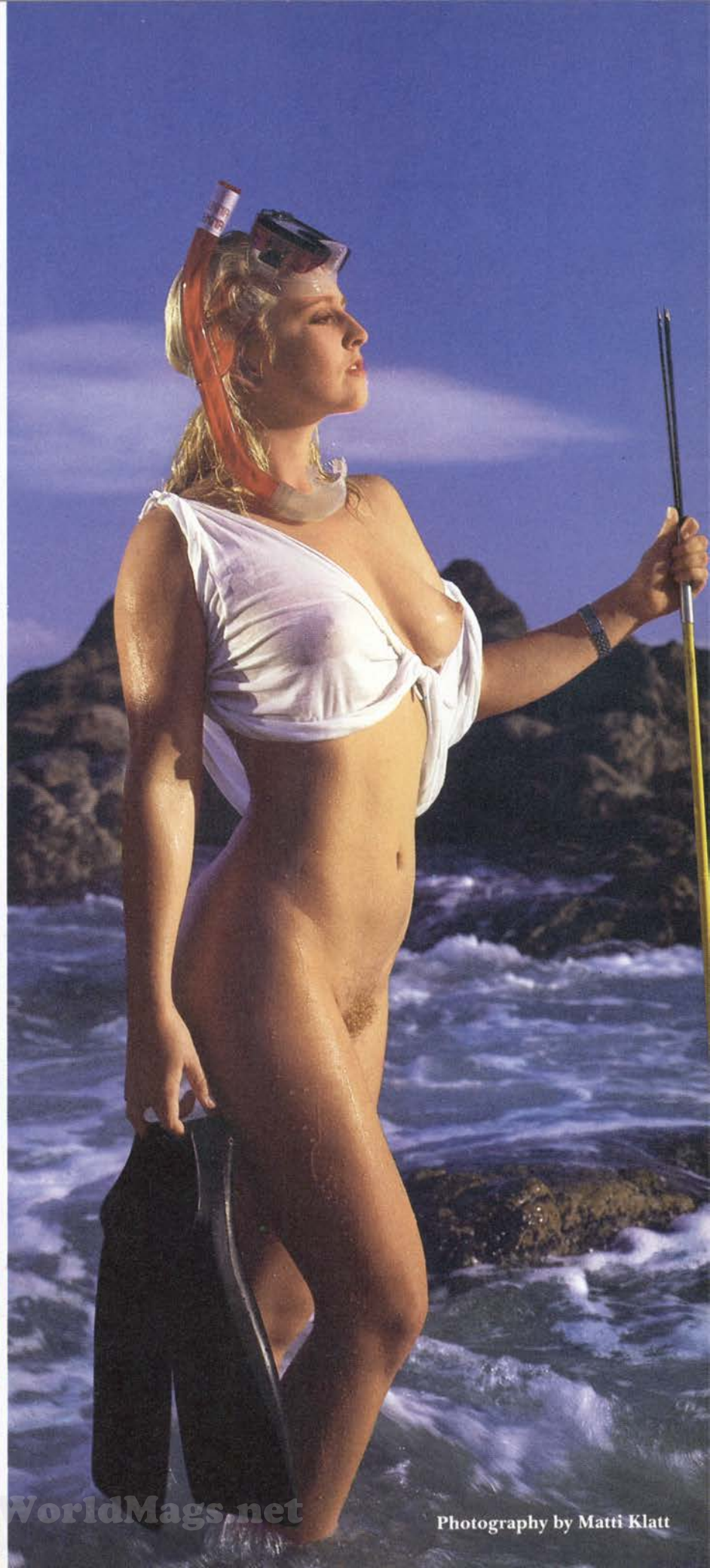
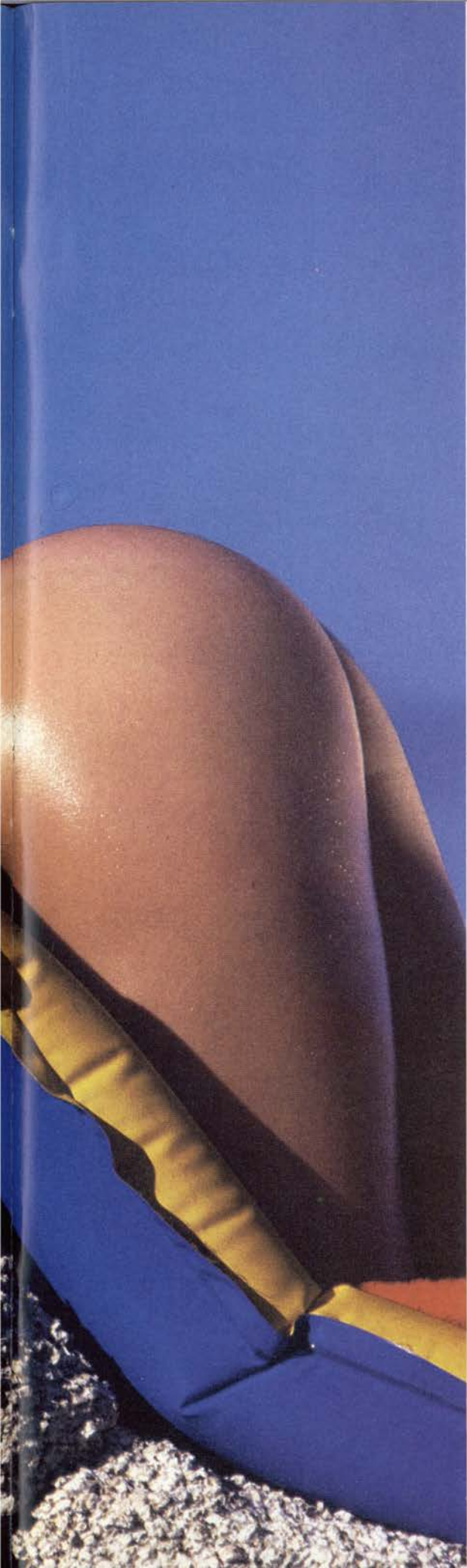





# Melody

*Paradise Lust*







A full-page photograph of a woman with blonde, wavy hair sitting on a beach. She is positioned in the lower-left to center of the frame, facing right and looking out at the ocean. She is wearing a dark bikini bottom. Her legs are bent, and she is sitting on a red and yellow striped towel. The background shows the blue ocean and a concrete wall or pier structure on the left. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

"I feel very open about my body," claims Melody. "I think it's beautiful, and I'm proud to show it off." At the moment the ravishing blonde works as a Nautilus instructor, keeping her luscious form in shape, with the hope of eventually becoming a full-time model.

This secluded island paradise was a dream-come-true for her. "If only I could be naked and free to do whatever I wished all the time," she sighs. "Actually, I tried that once. It caused quite a stir at the supermarket." Melody often displays an offbeat sense of humor. She says the only thing she misses about home is her boyfriend: "They say absence makes the fond grow harder. I sure as heck hope that's true."















Love Ya!  
Melody













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# HUSTLER HUMOR



**R**ecently, as *Air Force One* was flying across the country, President Reagan asked Vice President Bush to come to the back of the plane and play a game of "Buzzard."

"Okay," Bush answered, "but how do we play it?"

"Easy," Reagan said. "I'll lay down and play like I'm dead, and you eat me off!"

**Q**uestion: What do Negroes and pussies have in common?

Answer: They both have big lips, kinky hair and, five minutes after you wash them, they smell the same.

**A** beautiful blonde was telling her friend at a party that she was off men for life. "They lie; they cheat—they are just no good. From now on when I want sex, I'll use my vibrator."

"But what if the batteries run out?" asked the friend. "What will you do?"

"Just what I do with my boyfriend," the blonde replied. "I'll fake an orgasm."

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *virgin* as: rookie nookie.

**A**n Italian, an Irishman and a Polack were all to be put to death in the electric chair on the same day. The Italian was led in first, strapped to the chair and asked if he had any last words. He coldly stared into space and shook his head no. The lever was pulled but, miracle of miracles, nothing happened! The warden declared an act of God and set him free. Next the Irishman was strapped in and asked if he had any last words, to which he didn't answer. The lever was pulled, and nothing happened; so he too was set free.

Finally, the Polack was strapped to the death chair. "Do you have any last words?" the warden inquired.

"Yeah," he said, "your chair isn't plugged in."

**T**he mailman came to the door with a small package addressed to Mr. Dave Smith. Dave's wife couldn't resist opening it, but she was revolted to find that the box contained a single large turd.

When her husband came home that evening, she told him the story, adding, "I can't imagine who sent that to us."

"I know who sent it," he said. "It's our tax return—shit from the government as usual."

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *abortion* as: an heir cut.

**Q**uestion: What do you get when you put a nun in a blender?

Answer: Twisted Sister.

**T**he tavern customer was hard to please. The price of whiskey was too high, as was the wine. So he settled for a glass of beer.

The bartender, a little guy, was upset, but after serving a second brew to the guy, he said, "You know, I didn't like you when you first came in, but maybe you're okay. You haven't said anything about the hump in my back."

"Oh, so that's what that is," said the disgruntled patron. "I thought it was your ass. Everything *else* in here is so damn high!"

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *necrophilia* as: a bone-chilling experience.

**T**wo friends, one with his face all covered with bandages, met on the street one day. "Christ! What happened to you?" the uninjured one asked.

"My old lady hit me because I called her a two-bit whore," the fucked-up one muttered.

"Damn, man, what did she hit you with?"

"A purse full of quarters."

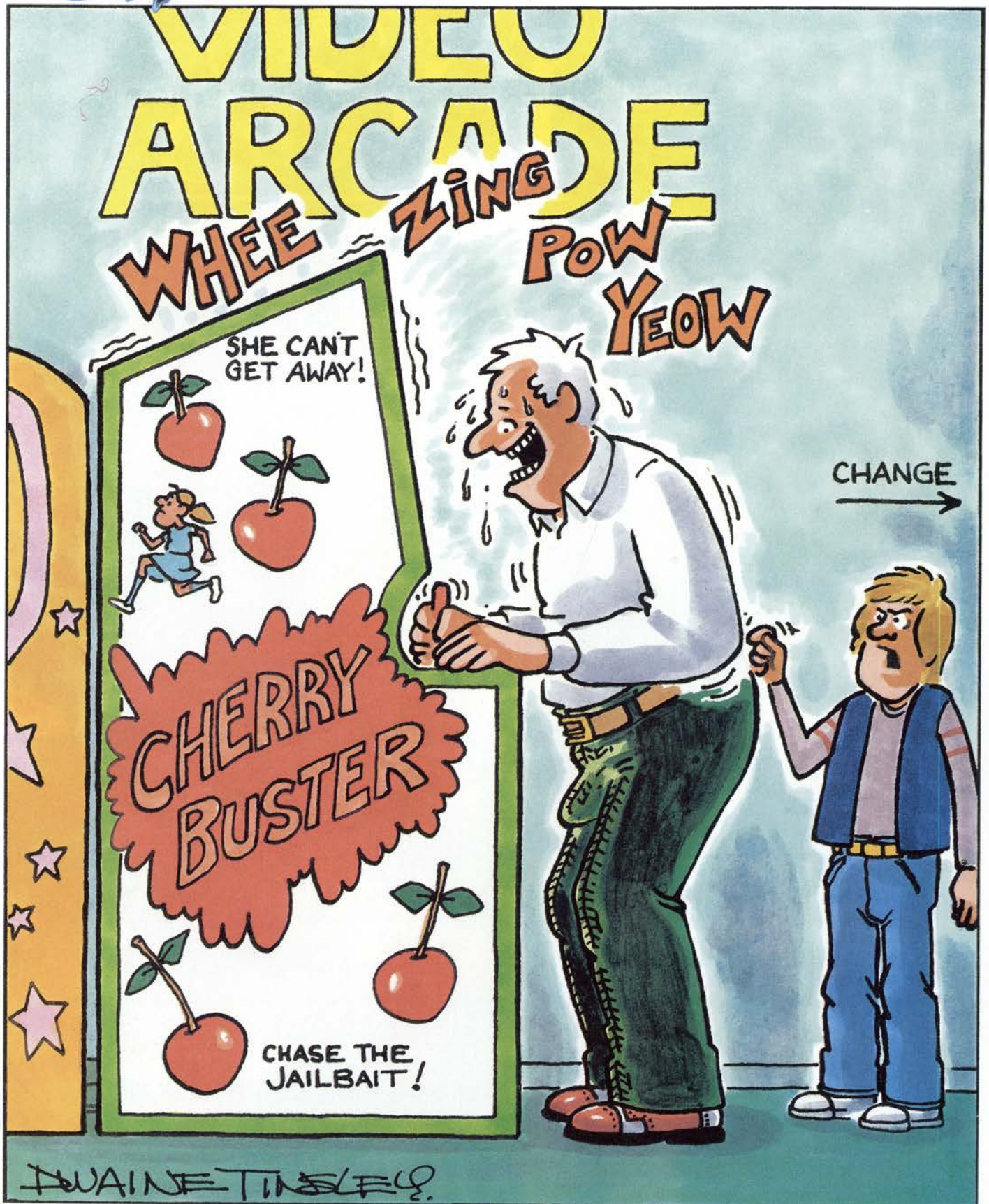
**R**oger was on a picnic in the park when he had to take a dump; so he headed into the bushes. He had barely dropped his trousers when a lady stood up behind a large shrub and asked, "Hey there, big guy, can I take advantage of you?"

"Sure," Roger replied eagerly. So she leaned over, grabbed his shirttail and wiped her ass with it.

*HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.* 🐾

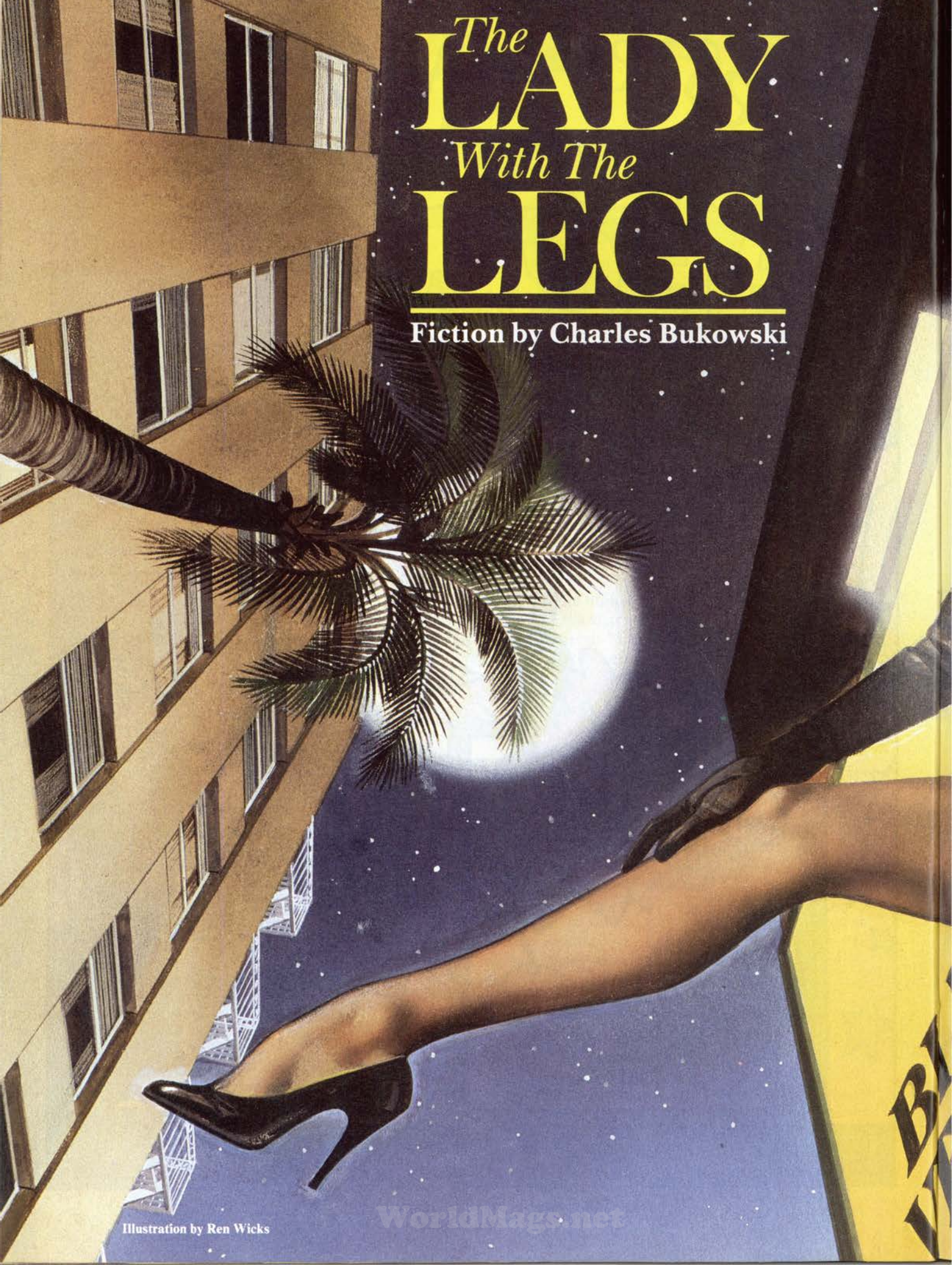


# Chester the Molester



"Hey, dude—how 'bout letting someone else play?"





# *The* **LADY** *With The* **LEGS**

Fiction by Charles Bukowski

Illustration by Ren Wicks

WorldMags.net





I first saw her in a bar on Alvarado Street. Lisa, that is.

I was 24 years old; she about 35. She was sitting about bar center, and there was an empty stool on either side of her.

Compared to the average woman who came to that bar, she was a beauty. Her face was a bit round, and her hair didn't seem exceptional, but there was a quietness in the way she sat, and a sadness. I also sensed an eerie quality about her.

I left my stool to go to the men's room. I checked her twice, walking by, once from each side. She was small, a bit squat, but with shapely buttocks. But the

COCKTAILS



## THE LADY WITH THE LEGS (continued from page 75)

*There was a sheer blasting sound as shards of glass came leaping out like giant icicles, and the lights went out.*

most marvelous part of her was the legs: neat ankles, perfect calves, knees that ached to be squeezed, and also wondrous thighs.

It was as if *that* part of her body had maintained as the remainder had begun to lose out.

Her chin was too round, and her face was slightly puffy. She looked alcoholic.

Her high-heeled shoes were black and shiny, and she had three fake-gold bracelets on her left arm; also, a dark mole just above the wrist. She was smoking a long cigarette and staring down into her drinking glass. She appeared to be drinking scotch along with a bottle of beer for a chaser.

I went back to my stool, finished my whiskey sour and nodded the bartender in for another. He trotted off. When he came back with my drink, I asked him about the lady with the legs.

"Oh," he said, "that's Lisa."

"She looks pretty good," I said. "How come none of the men sit near her?"

"That's easy," he answered. "She's crazy."

Then he walked off.

I picked up my drink and walked down to Lisa. I took the stool to her left, lit a cigarette and had a hit of my drink. I was fairly intoxicated.

I picked up my whiskey sour and drained it, nodded the bartender in. "A refill for me and the lady. Also, two Heinekens for chasers."

Hearing that, Lisa knocked off her drink.

When the new ones arrived, she took a hit of hers, and I took a hit of mine.

Then we both just sat there, looking straight ahead.

Maybe a couple of minutes passed. Then she spoke: "I don't like people, do you?"

"No."

"You look like a mean son of a bitch. Are you?"

"No."

She knocked off her drink, took a good gulp of beer. I followed suit.

"I'm crazy," she said.

"Yeah?"

"Are you crazy?" she asked.

"Yes."

I waved the bartender in.

"I'll buy the next," Lisa said.

She ordered the refills like one who had done that any number of times. When the drinks arrived, I said, "Thank you, Lisa."

"You're welcome. . . . What's your name?"

"Hank."

"You're welcome, Hank."

Lisa took a sip, then glanced at me. "Are you crazy enough to break a bar mirror?"

"I think I already have."

"Where was it?"

"The Orchid Room."

"The Orchid Room is a stupid place."

"I don't go there anymore."

Lisa took a big drain of beer, set her bottle down, then sighed, "Well, I'm going to break *this* bar mirror."

"Go," I told her, "ahead."

Lisa drained her scotch, then stood up and grabbed her beer bottle.

I saw her raise it over her head. I leaped up to grab her arm, but I was a bit late: I only slowed her overhand toss just a fraction.

The Heineken bottle looped in a slow, high arc toward the bar mirror as my mind quickly said, "No, no, no, NO!"

There was a sheer blasting sound as shards of glass came leaping out like giant icicles, and for some strange reason the lights went out.

It was frightening, glamorous and beautiful.

I drained my drink.

In the dark I saw much white rushing toward us. It was the bartender, most of him shirt and apron. He was moving fast.

"YOU CRAZY BITCH!" he screamed. "I'LL KILL YOU!"

I put Lisa behind me.

I found my beer bottle. I tried to time it as he came in. I was lucky. I caught him above the left temple. But he didn't fall. He just stood there in the dark in all his white. He was like a doorman waiting for a cab.

I switched the bottle to my left hand and cracked him on the right temple. He fell toward the bar, caught himself by grabbing the edge with both hands. He held there a moment, then began to tilt toward Alvarado Street.

When he hit the floor, the lights went on again.

For a second it was as if everybody were frozen in the light: the patrons, me, Lisa, the barkeep.

Then I yelled, "LET'S GO!"

I grabbed Lisa by the arm and pulled her toward the rear exit.

Then we were in the alley, and I yanked her along.

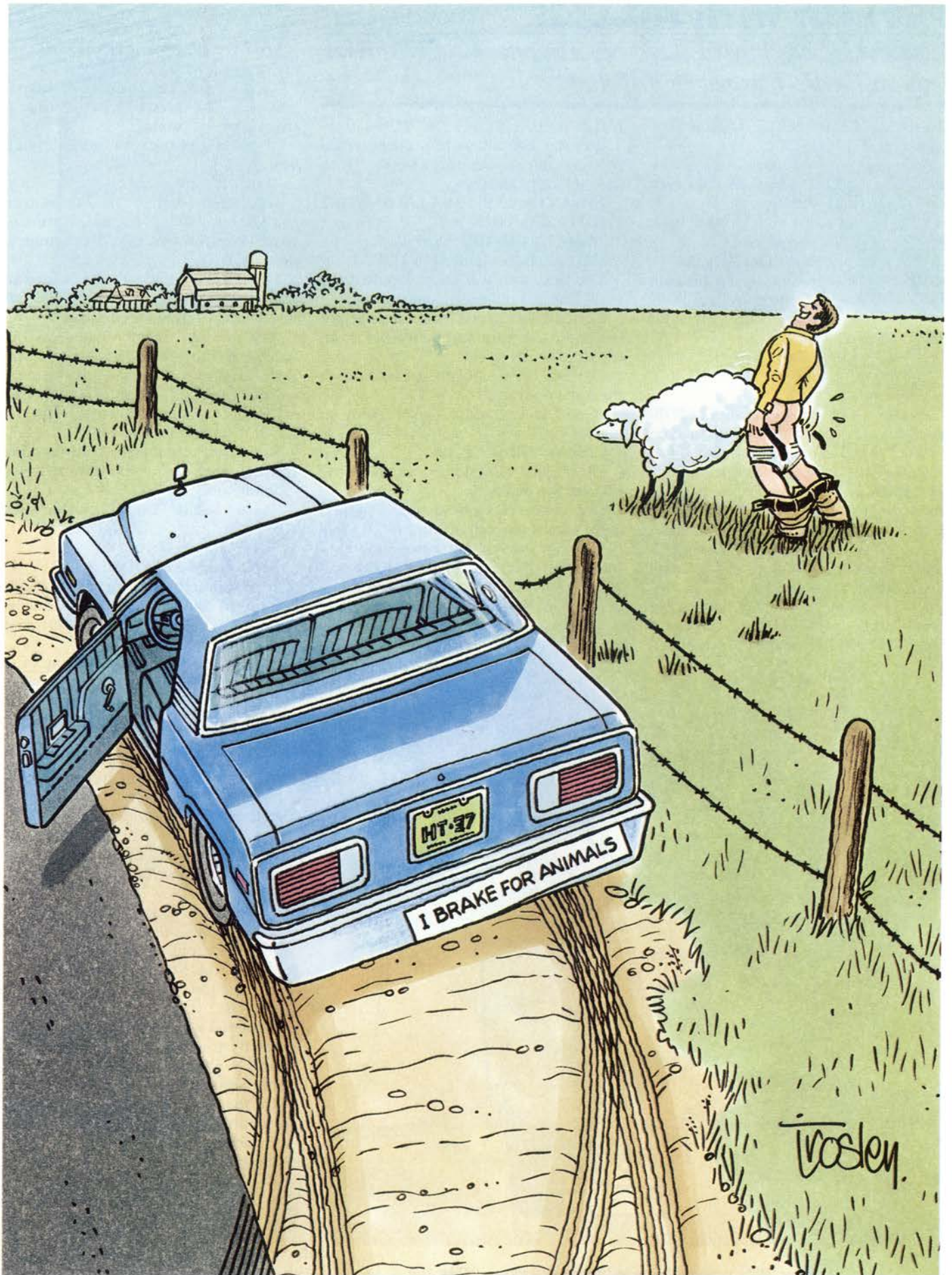
"COME ON! COME ON! HURRY!"

"I CAN'T RUN IN THESE GOD-



"Sorry, Rocky, we're out of smelling salts!"







## THE LADY WITH THE LEGS (continued from page 76)

*Lisa's skirt was pulled back, exposing the most beautiful legs on Earth. I stared in disbelief.*

DAMNED HIGH-HEELED SHOES!"

"TAKE THEM OFF!"

Lisa stopped and pulled them off, handed one to me. She took the other, and we ran down the alley.

When we got to the end, I looked back. We weren't being followed.

"All right, put your shoes back on."

She worked at it, slipping the first one on. Then holding to my shoulder, she got the other one on. Then she just stood there, swaying.

"Okay," I said, "come on!"

"Where we going?"

"To my place."

We were at the end of the alley near the corner. Then I saw a bus pull up to expel a fare. I waved at the bus and pulled Lisa toward it. The driver had closed the door, but he saw us. He was a nice sort and reopened the door. I pushed Lisa on and dropped in the fare. I tried to pull her to a seat, but she just grabbed onto the pole above the money meter and wobbled about there.

She glared at me through mad green eyes. "SHIT! I WANT A CAB! I'M A LADY! I DON'T RIDE A FUCKING BUS!"

I DON'T RIDE A FUCKING BUS!"

Lisa was like a beautiful drunken gazelle, her miraculous buttocks swaying to the rocking of the bus.

"I WANT A CAB! I'M A LADY! WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?"

"Baby, it's only four blocks."

"SHIT!" she screamed. "SHIT!"

The next stop was ours. I pulled the cord. The bus pulled up and stopped.

I pried Lisa's hands from the pole, got her about the waist and pulled her down the steps to the street.

The bus driver looked at me through the open door.

"Good luck, buddy. You're going to need it."

"You're jealous," I said.

He laughed, closed the door and drove off into the night.

Lisa appeared to be getting drunker, and I wasn't too well off myself. I walked her along, one of my arms about her waist, the other pulling her right arm about my neck. She was rocking and staggering. Her beautiful legs were giving up.

"Doncha have a fucking car?"

"No."



"Now, Billy, why don't you tell the class why you'd like to be a pirate when you grow up!"

"You're a bum!"

"Yes."

We were slowly and laboriously nearing my apartment.

"You got anything to drink up there? If you don't have anything to drink up there, I'm not coming!"

"Lots of bottles of wine. . . . The best. . . ."

"I'm sick," she said.

Lisa lurched to the left. I was too drunk to right her. We fell. Luckily, there was a large hedge on that side. We pummeled down into it.

I hit the greenery, rolled backward and was upon my back on the sidewalk. I got myself up. Then I looked down.

And there in the moonlight was Lisa, half spread in the hedge and half upon the sidewalk. She was hanging from one side, dangling. Her skirt was pulled back, exposing the most beautiful legs on Earth. I stared in disbelief.

But I gathered myself, knowing that a possible prowler was always any given moment away.

"Lisa," I said, "LISA! PLEASE WAKE UP!"

"Uh. . . ."

"THE COPS ARE COMING!"

It did something to her. As I yanked her out of the hedge, she made her legs behave. It was the act of a terrorized will. . . .

I got her to the front doorway of the apartment, got her into the lobby and moved her toward the elevator. I hit the button, the lift was there, and I worked her in. I hit the floor button and held Lisa upright, waiting.

"I miss my son," she said. "I want my baby."

"Sure you do," I said.

I got her out of there and down to my door. As I opened it, she leaned forward against me, and we both fell forward into there. . . .

Lisa got up, straightened her nylons, picked up her purse, walked to a chair across the room, sat down and fumbled in her purse for cigarettes. Outside in the night the mostly red neon of L.A. poured in.

I opened a bottle of wine for Lisa and poured her a water-glassful. To the slight sound of nylon rubbing, she crossed her magic legs.

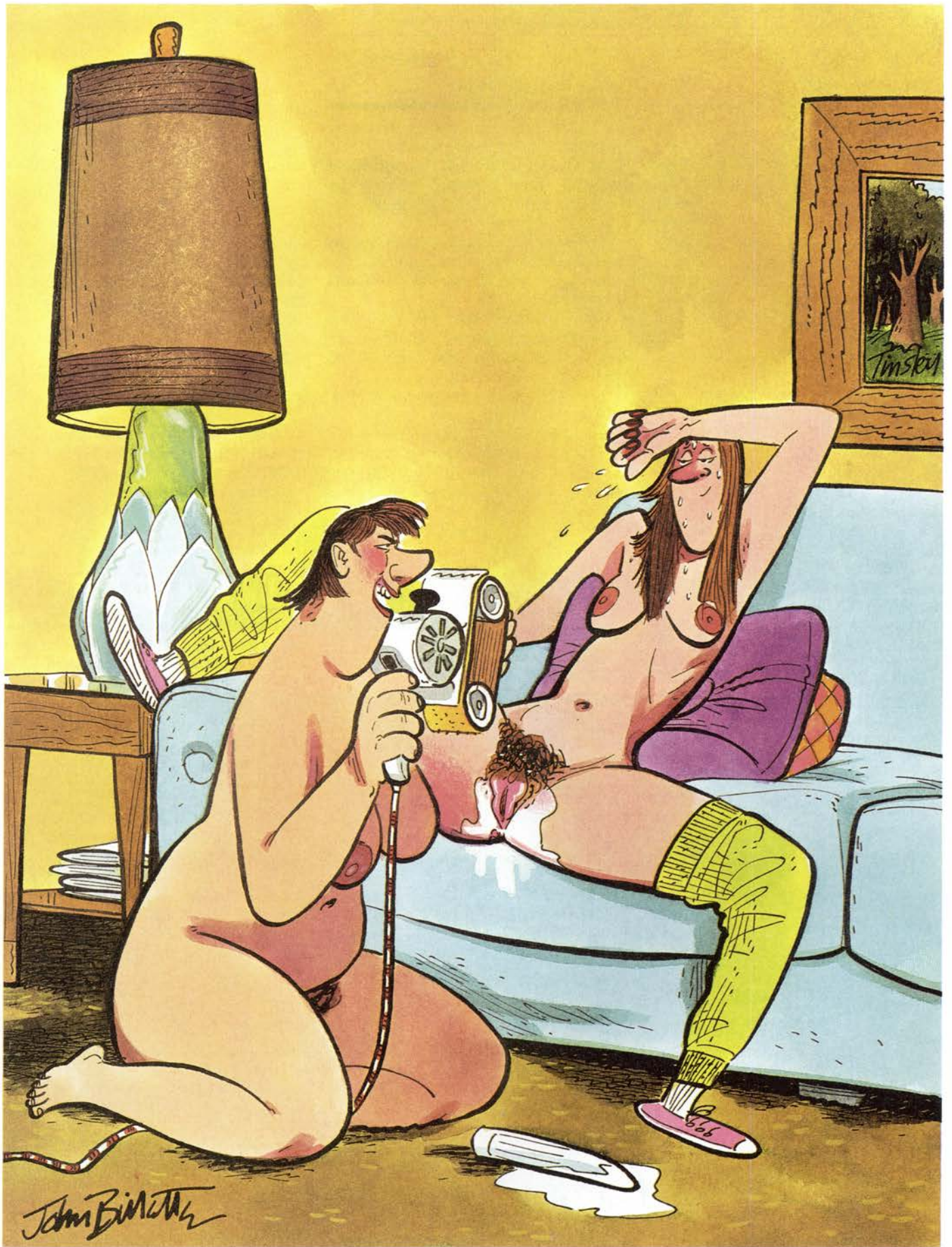
On the couch across from her I had my own bottle, had poured my own glassful. I drained it, poured another.

Lisa looked at me. Her eyes got larger and larger. She looked as if she were going nuts. Then she spoke: "You think you're *hot shit*! You think you're Mr. Van Bilderass!"

I was down to my shorts and undershirt. They were soiled and ripped.

I got up.





"You liked the vibrator, huh? Wait till you feel this belt sander!"



## THE LADY WITH THE LEGS (continued from page 78)

*The greasy white substance spurted out, a buildup, a release of years of frustration and loneliness.*

I pranced.

I slapped my legs.

"Hey, baby, you think you got good legs? Look at these!"

Then I pushed my chest out and made a bicep out of my right arm. "Look at that, baby! I've decked many a slimy bastard with one punch!"

I walked back to the couch, sat down, drained half my glass. Lisa just continued to look at me. Her eyes still got larger and larger and larger.

"You think you're Mr. Van Bilderass!"

"RIGHT!"

She reached down and got her wine bottle, which she had corked. While looking at me, wild and wide-eyed she was, Lisa slowly lifted the bottle over her head, got her arm into the throw position as I yelled, "HOLD IT!"

And she did.

I said, "NOW YOU CAN THROW THAT SON OF A BITCH, BUT IF YOU DO, BE SURE YOU KNOCK ME OUT! BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, IT'S COMING RIGHT BACK AT YOU, AND I'M GOING TO KNOCK YOUR FUCKING HEAD OFF!"

While still looking wild-eyed, she slowly lowered the bottle to the floor.

I walked over, uncorked it and filled her glass. Then I walked back to the couch and sat down. I was in a great positive state of mind.

"Now, whore," I said, "I want you to pull your skirt back a little more. . . ."

Positive or not, I was still a bit surprised when Lisa did.

The edge of her skirt was about two inches above her knees. I could see an inch of flesh above the edge of the nylons.

"Now," I said, "give me one more inch! No more than that!"

Lisa tugged her skirt up another inch.

I walked up and stood in front of her. Each valley and curve of her flesh was amazing. Her black high-heeled shoes glittered.

"TWIST YOUR ANKLE! KICK YOUR UPPER LEG A BIT!"

Lisa conceded.

"NOW STOP!"

She stopped.

"NOW GIVE ME ANOTHER HALF INCH!"

Lisa slipped her skirt up a bit more.

"YES! THERE!"

I was ape. I dropped to my knees, peering up her legs.

Lisa leered at me, "You're a fucking jerk; you're nuts!"

I reached out and grabbed a foot. I kissed that black high-heeled shoe on the side, just near the edge where the nylon was. Then I kissed her ankle.

"You're not a killer, are you?" she asked. "One of my friends, she went to this guy's room, and he tied her to his bed and took out this knife and carved his initials on her. . . . She screamed so loud, the police came and saved her. . . . You're not—"

"SHUT UP!"

I stood up and took it out.

I spit into my palm and started massaging myself.

"You fuckin' whore," I said.

I began rubbing with abandon.

"ANOTHER INCH! SHOW ME ANOTHER INCH!"

I flailed away.

"SHOW ME MORE! SHOW ME MORE!"

It was the secret and the trick and the entirety!

"THERE! OH, MY GOD!"

I came.

The greasy white substance spurted out, a buildup, a release of years of frustration and loneliness. As it gushed out, I ran up to Lisa and spilled the white glue of myself all over her nylons and upper legs. Still spurting, I held it there.

She screamed and leaped up. "YOU PIG! YOU FUCKING IDIOTIC PIG!"

Lisa ran into the bathroom.

I reached up, grabbed the end of my undershirt and wiped off. Then I walked back to the couch, poured myself a glassful and lit a cigarette.

Lisa came out, sat down in her chair and poured herself one. Then she lit a cigarette. She inhaled deeply, exhaled. And as she exhaled, her voice came out over the top of the smoke: "You poor miserable fuck."

"I love you, Lisa," I said.

She just looked away to her left.

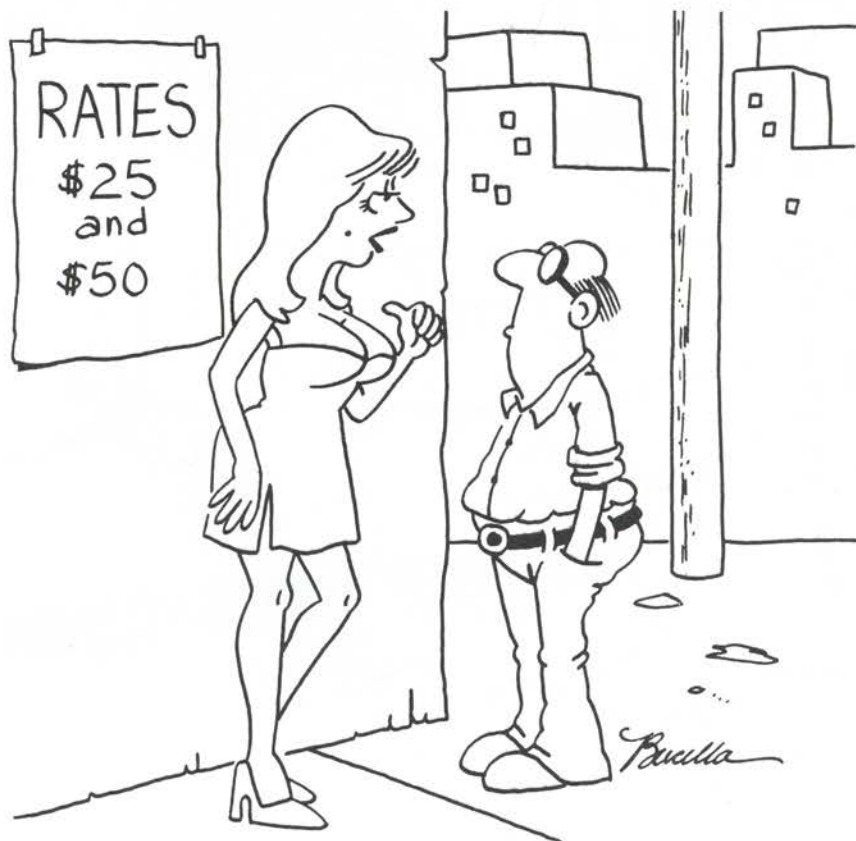
Little did I know that that would be the beginning of two of the most miserable and invigorating years of my life.

When she looked back, she said, "Is this all you have to drink? This cheap fucking wine?"

"It's not so bad, Lisa. When I drink it, what I do is think of something pleasant as it runs down my throat—like waterfalls or a bank account of \$500. Or sometimes I imagine myself in a castle with a moat. Or I imagine myself as the owner of a liquor store."

"You're crazy," she said.

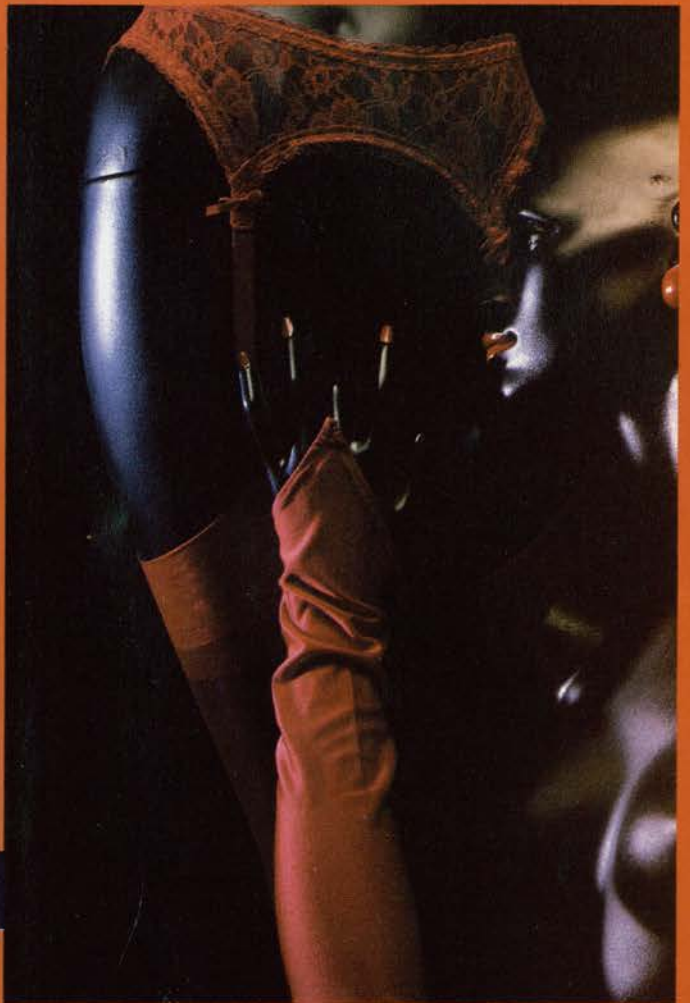
And she was absolutely right. 🐷



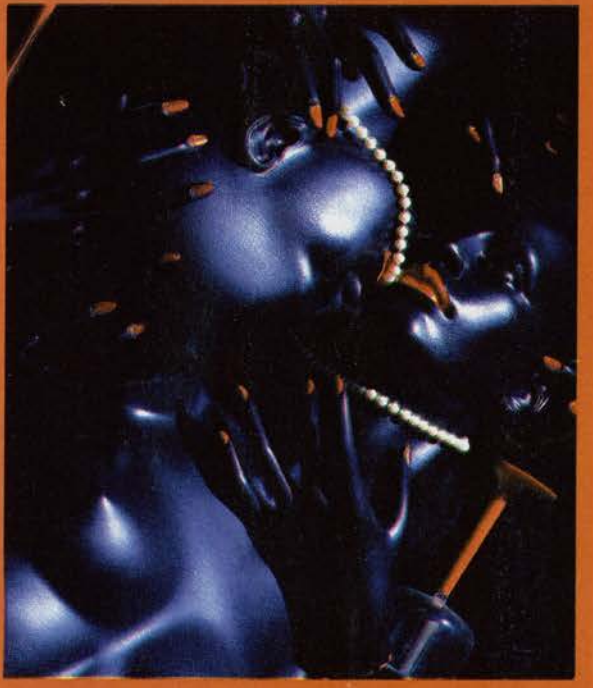
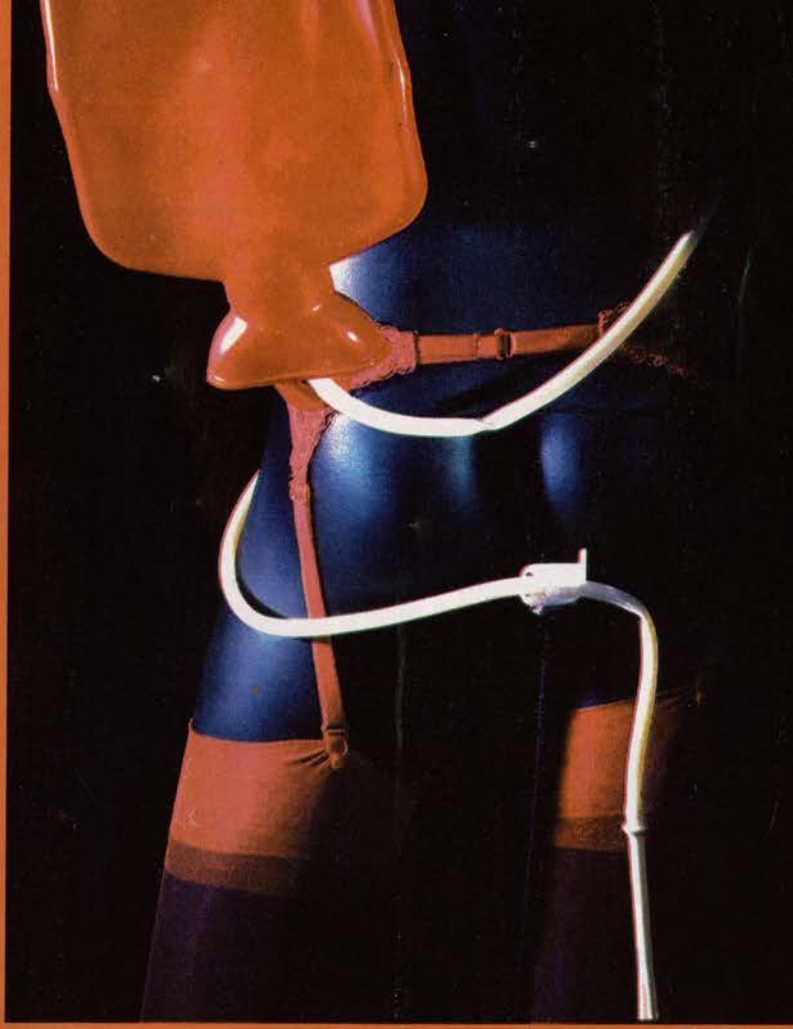
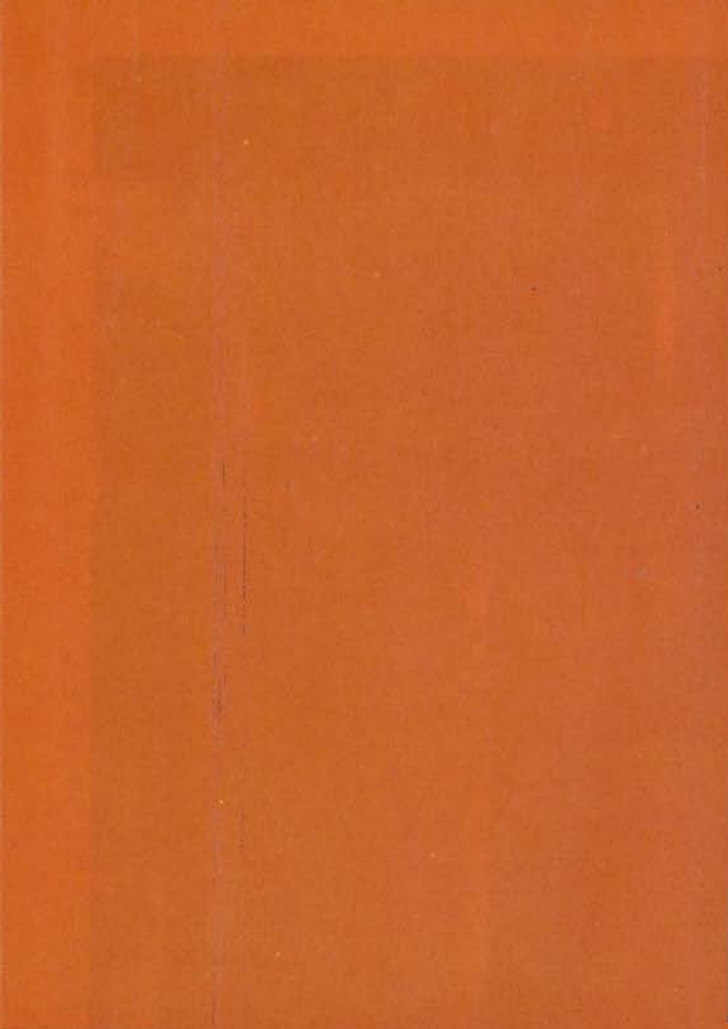
"For 25 I fake an orgasm. For 50 I fake a little better!"



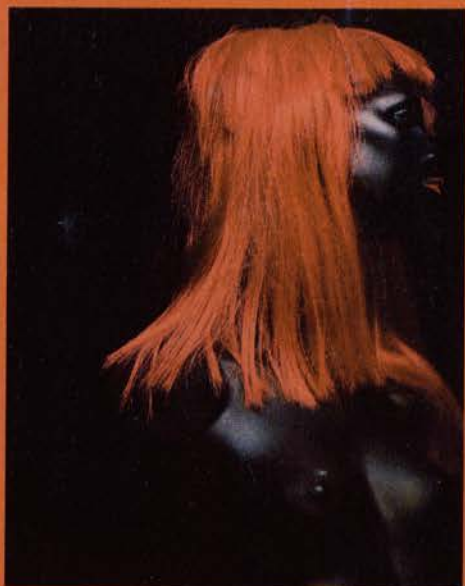
# SHE'S SUCH-A DUMMY



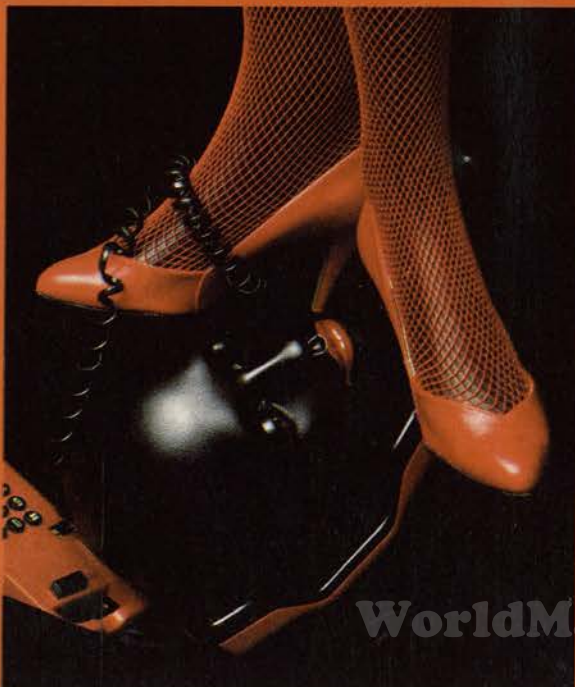
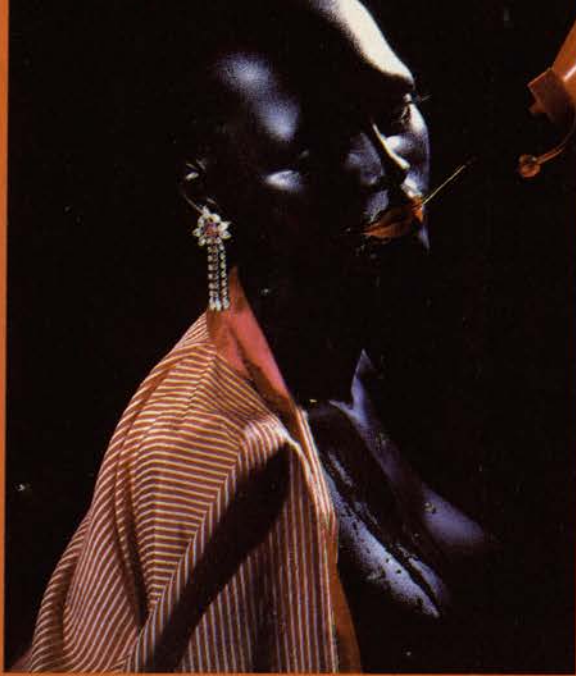






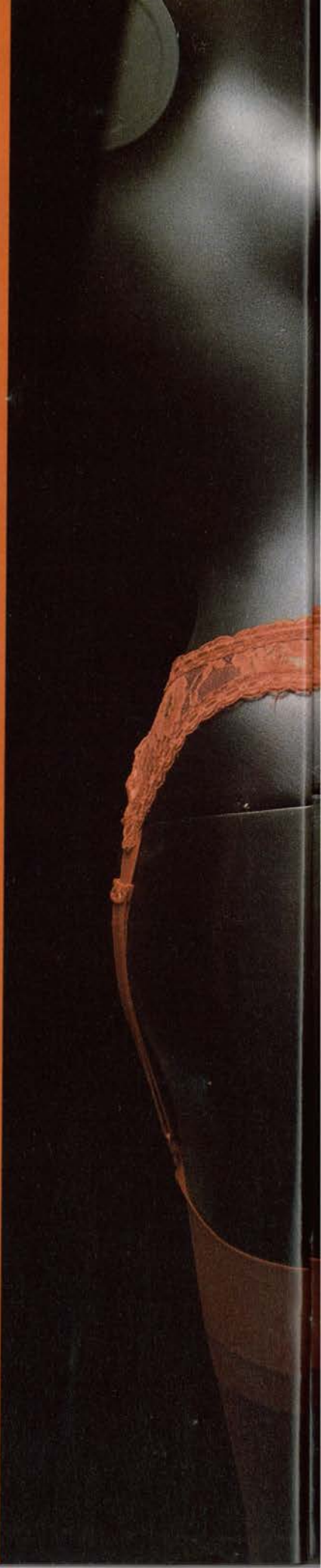






WorldMags.net

Photography by Bruce Kennedy









*"Getting fucked up the ass is like eating caviar. . . . I find it to be a rare and delectable treat."*

fortable. But as I got increasingly turned on, I managed to get looser and looser, and eventually, with a little help from a tube of K-Y jelly, I was getting rammed up the ass and loving it. It's very, very nice when you stop working against it. If you tense up, it can turn into a painful experience, but if you let yourself go, it can be a real pleasure. In fact, getting fucked up the ass is like eating caviar: I wouldn't want it every night, but when I have it, I find it to be a rare and delectable treat.

**HUSTLER:** Do you feel the same way about sucking cock?

**STEWART:** Yeah, there are elements to sucking cock that are very enjoyable, particularly deep-throating. Now, that's a real science, getting a guy's cock right down in my throat, right in there. That's a real challenge. And my eyes start watering and a bit of gagging and a struggle and all that, yes, it's a very stimulating and intriguing process.

**HUSTLER:** Do you let guys come in your mouth?

**STEWART:** Sure. It just slips right on down. Nothing to it.

**HUSTLER:** Wasn't the idea of sucking

cock disturbing to you at all?

**STEWART:** Look, I think you have to put it into context. For example, doesn't going down on a woman look equally perverse—I mean, initially? It doesn't particularly strike one as something they might find gratifying. And, frankly, for a long time I did not find it gratifying. I used to go down on women almost out of a sense of duty. I wanted to be one of the boys, you know. And then one night, at a party in California, I met a woman who was a real knockout. We hit it off right away, and I remember that as I began going down on her, I was becoming more and more turned on, and then before I knew it I was actually *getting off* on eating her, getting very, very turned on simply by going down on her. To me that was an eye-opening experience to suddenly realize I could get off that way.

**HUSTLER:** And you feel the same way about sucking cock?

**STEWART:** Most certainly.

**HUSTLER:** Where do you go for your homosexual encounters?

**STEWART:** I often like to go down to one of the gay bars, or to the baths, because I

enjoy that kind of encounter. There's a lot to be said for sauntering into a bar, getting a drink, then checking out the merchandise. I mean, basically, most of the guys are there for the same thing. They're hoping to hit it off with someone they might spend the night with. And, unlike the heterosexual singles scene, there's no bullshit. You buy your drink; he buys his drink. You talk and—if you hit it off—you go home together. It's very inexpensive, if that's a concern. On the other hand, with a woman, after the average guy springs for gas, dinner and the theater, he's lucky if he gets change on a C-note.

**HUSTLER:** But judging from the way you live, and from those two lovely gals who interrupted the interview a few minutes ago to shower you with kisses, I don't suppose finances are much of a consideration in your case?

**STEWART:** [Laughs.] Not at all. I make it with men because I enjoy them. Let me put it this way: Sometimes, after a particularly long and trying day, I think of my options. I can either call one of a number of women I'm friendly with, get in the tub with her and enjoy a rubdown and a good fuck. Or I can get it on with a man. Now, to me, the thing about women is that they're frail and gentle creatures—and God knows that's why I love them. But sometimes I'm in the mood for something different. I'm harried and feeling a little aggressive with a woman's fragility. So I take a trip down to one of the local bathhouses to see what I can find.

**HUSTLER:** And what do you find generally?

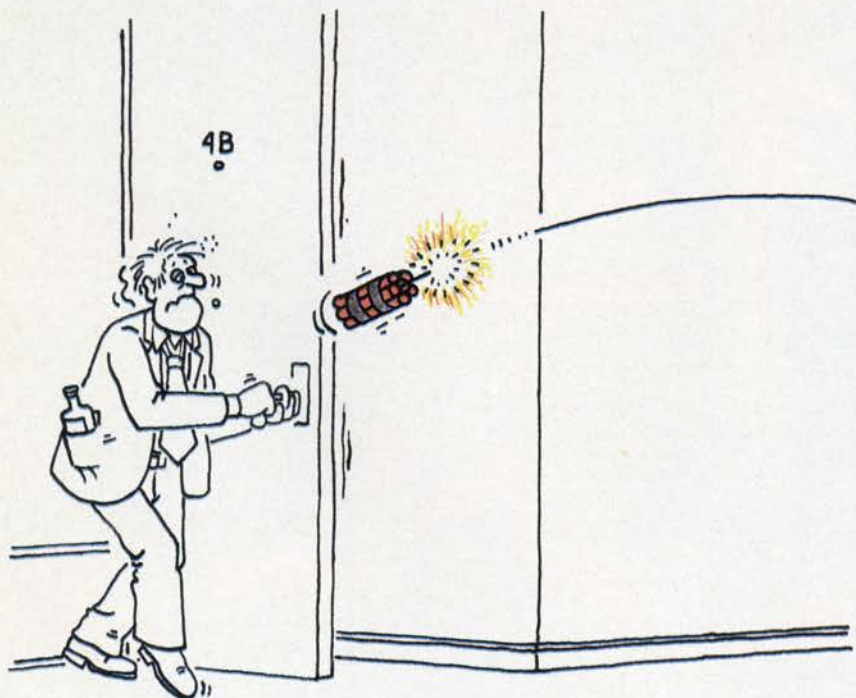
**STEWART:** A hundred guys walking around with towels wrapped around their middles. And the nicest part about it is that you don't have to meet them in the conventional sense of the word. You just look, connect if you can, and that's that—you slip away for sex. Why would I want to know what his name is? What he does for a living? That he's in real estate and has a wife and two lovely kids? I really don't give a shit about him as a person. I'm not there to make a relationship with him. I'm there to fuck and suck and whatever else comes to mind.

**HUSTLER:** So it's a meat market in the truest sense of the word?

**STEWART:** Yes, it is indeed.

**HUSTLER:** I suppose sex between men is much rougher. You mentioned earlier that on particularly aggressive days you don't like to deal with the fragility of a woman.

**STEWART:** That's true. You see, aside from the beauty of the completely anonymous sexual encounter, there's the added attraction that I don't in any way have to restrain myself. Men are, of course, much more rough-and-tumble. I



WAYNE TINSLEY



**THOOP!**





*"Nothing will ever take the place of the emotional commitments I allow myself to enjoy with women."*

used to wrestle as a kid, and I liked getting knocked about. Not pain, mind you, but the kind of workout athletes enjoy. That dynamic tension. It's almost as if, when you have sex with a man, you can be more of a man.

**HUSTLER:** That's a loaded statement.

**STEWART:** Well, let me point out something: It's a well-known fact in homosexual and bisexual circles that the big tough guys—the ones who are built like football players—are generally the ones who like taking it up the ass. While the slight guys, the smaller guys, well, they're the ones who like to do the fucking. Now, this isn't always the case, but it's a general rule. And the reason for this is that the lightweighters want to assert themselves to satisfy their egos, because even if they're gay, they are, after all, still men. While the big guys are fine male specimens from the word go, and since they feel comfortable with who and what they are, they have no problem taking it up the ass.

**HUSTLER:** Since you like sucking cock and you like getting fucked in the ass, why are 70% to 80% of your sexual encounters with women?

**STEWART:** I said that sometimes I enjoy

that masculine, rough-and-tumble, man-to-man experience. And I said that sometimes I just want a quick, simple fuck. But nothing can ever take the place of a woman's softness and femininity. And nothing will ever take the place of the emotional commitments I allow myself to enjoy with women.

**HUSTLER:** I'm glad you brought that up, since I was just about to. You're not just a sex-machine then?

**STEWART:** I am most definitely *not* a sex-machine, and I would be very disappointed if I came across that way. I want you to know that I have a very gratifying emotional life and that I am currently giving serious thought to becoming a father. I am very much a believer in love relationships, and I happen to be enjoying a couple of such relationships—with women—at the present time.

**HUSTLER:** So you reserve your emotional commitments for the ladies?

**STEWART:** Yes. With men it's strictly sex. With women it goes far deeper. There's that emotional bond.

**HUSTLER:** I don't think this interview would be complete if I didn't ask you whether AIDS (acquired immune-defi-

ciency syndrome) has put a damper on the kind of anonymous sex we were talking about earlier?

**STEWART:** Well, yes, AIDS certainly has put a damper on that kind of sex. I, for one, have become much more careful about picking my male partners. But there are still men out there who continue to defy the odds. They continue to play the game even though it might be deadly, even though they know it's just another form of Russian roulette.

**HUSTLER:** It's hard to read you. On the one hand, I realize that you're being forthright and honest and that you've talked to us openly about your bisexuality and your obvious enjoyment of men. On the other, we're trying to figure out what your message is. Are you trying to convert our readers? Are you trying to tell the world that bisexuality is the answer?

**STEWART:** I'm not trying to convert anyone. And as to whether bisexuality is the answer, it is for me—and I think it could be for a lot of people if they weren't so heavily conditioned by society. We're all human. We learn how to play the game, how to behave, how to talk, how to win approval.

Consequently, all of us are afraid of being outsiders, of being ostracized by society. What I've found—what I view as the key element here—is that our ability to communicate is the single most important thing we have going for us as human beings. And what I would like to do is try to develop a climate where we can say to one another, "That's fine." Share your feelings with us. We've all been there. There's nothing unusual about those fantasies. You aren't 'sick.' You don't need to run off and hide. You need feel no shame and no guilt."

**HUSTLER:** No offense meant, but it sounds like a throwback to the '60s. Do you think it works?

**STEWART:** Oh, yeah. What's more, I've found that when people are open and honest about their sexuality, they drop a lot of other pretenses. They become more human. It's very rewarding to watch people grow and flower as they come to terms with their sexual identities. It's very rewarding to know that I'm not taking part in some kind of rare, aberrant behavior, but am actually a fully sexual being who has succeeded in unlearning many of the hang-ups that society continues to pass along. And I'll tell you this: No one will ever be able to convince a person who has had a homosexual encounter that it doesn't work. It does work, and it works very well. And then too—if I can end this interview on a note of levity—bisexuality doubles your chances of getting laid on Saturday night. 🍷



"Go easy, baby. He's attack-trained!"









Someday My Prince  
Will Come















**D**elirious, she doesn't know whether this is real or a magnificent dream. One minute she was just another groupie clamoring to get backstage after Prince's concert; the next she's alone with the sultry squire of sexuality himself. At first his royal badness remains aloof, but it isn't long before the girl's eager caresses cause his purple passion to rise to a head. She worships his dark meat, desperate to feel him inside her. Their bodies intertwine as the rock star and the slavish fan pump at each other furiously until he reaches a ball-busting orgasm and she comes, shrieking, a few moments later. Before the exhausted, satisfied groupie passes out, she looks forward to waking up in her idol's strong arms. She won't, of course, because she's been Mased unconscious by the auditorium's security guards while trying to sneak backstage. A vivid hallucination, the whole thing was wonderful nonetheless.

























# HUSTLER®

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## I SAT THE SITTER

**A**lmost every young man at one time or another has fantasized about fucking his baby-sitter. But my experience has an interesting twist to it; I made it with my sister's baby-sitter. That is to say, I screwed the girl watching my sister's two kids.

It all started during my spring break from college when I heard my divorced sister, Jane, making arrangements with a young lady for the following night. From what I could hear, Jane was going to be out very late, and she told the sitter, Julie, that she probably would not get home until after three o'clock in the morning.

Not one to miss a golden opportunity, the next night at 9:30 I grabbed one of my very best X-rated movies and made my way over to my sister's house. I knew that the kids had to be in bed by eight. I figured that an hour and a half was plenty of time for them to fall asleep.

When I got there, I let myself in quietly through the back door and made my way through the dark house. As I crept down the hall, I listened for any sounds of activity coming from the kids' room upstairs. Nothing there, but I could hear sounds in the family room. Reaching out, I clasped the doorknob, turned it very slowly and peered inside. On the TV screen was a man with his pants down around his ankles slowly but steadily fucking a beautiful blonde from behind! I couldn't believe it. As I listened to the actors' heavy moaning and panting, I shifted my gaze to the couch. There—with her fingers making slow circles around her T-shirt-covered breasts—was Julie, a sexy young girl who looked to be about 19. While my cock stiffened in my pants, I watched in awe as she continued to caress herself.

Suddenly, she lifted her T-shirt up over her tits, exposing a magnificent set of knockers. With her eyes glued to the two

figures fucking away on the television screen, she slid her right hand between her legs. I quietly closed the door as her middle finger slipped inside the moist region of her pussy lips.

As quickly as I could, I ran to the front door and let myself out. I carefully knocked twice, praying I wouldn't wake the children. "Who is it?" a soft voice asked me as the door opened. Looking up, I came face to face with one of the horniest females I've ever had the good fortune to meet. Her face was flushed, her light-blue eyes were still smoldering with suppressed desire, and a damp T-shirt concealed her heaving breasts.

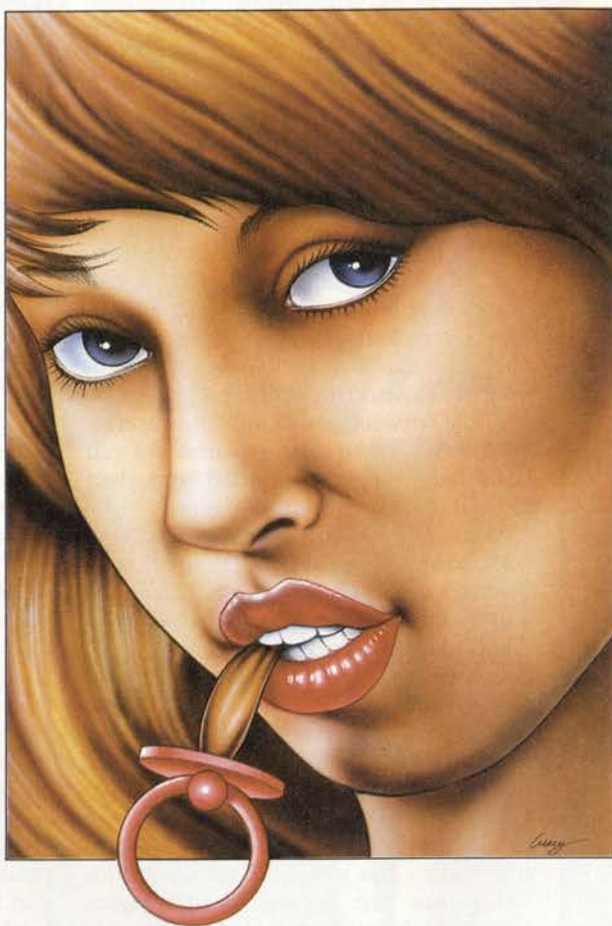
"I'm Jane's kid brother Conrad," I told her. "Is she home? She said I could come over anytime and watch a movie on her VCR." I let my eyes feast on her nubile tits a moment and then looked back into her eyes.

"Ms. Snow is out for the evening," Julie said. "She won't be home until very late." She was studying my face while she spoke

and let her eyes trail over my broad shoulders and down my stomach. I could almost see her mind working. She seemed relieved that I was Jane's brother, and I could tell that she liked what she saw, but she seemed a little hesitant at the same time. Maybe she was afraid I'd see what she'd been watching on the VCR. After eyeing me closely and checking out my vital statistics again, she made her decision. "You're welcome to come in and use the VCR. I'm reading."

We smiled at each other, and I followed her down the hall to the family room. As she curled up on the couch with a book, I went over and turned the TV and VCR back on. "Hmm... there's a movie still in here," I said as I hit the play button.

On the screen a young woman was busily sucking away at a guy's big ten inches while he fastened his lips on her snatch. I

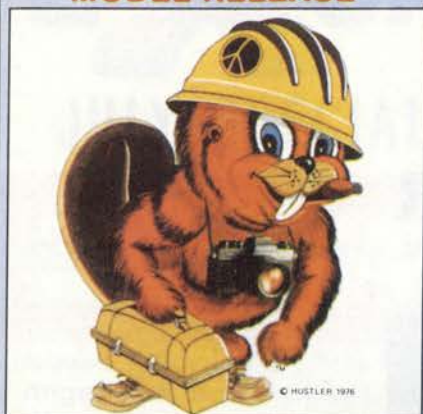


**B Y C. L. B R Y A N**

*Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. HUSTLER will pay \$250 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced typed manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



# HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Name to Be Published \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (include area code) \_\_\_\_\_

Model's Social Security Number \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

**NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY**  
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in CHIC Magazine's photo contest, *Flasher*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

**WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.**

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

turned around and found Julie's eyes on me. "What movie did *you* bring over?" she asked. I grinned at her and pushed the stop button. Popping the tape out, I slid mine in and hit play. Then sauntering over to the couch, I lounged down beside her and said, "Same kind."

She stared at me for a moment, and then a sensual smile came to her face. "My name's Julie," she said.

"Nice to meet you," I responded. As we watched, a guy pulled his huge dick out of a girl's sopping pussy and, spreading the cheeks of her ass, shoved his cock up her tight little bunghole. When Julie looked over to me, I was already staring at her. I reached out with my right hand and cupped her left breast. Squeezing it gently, I said, "You've got an amazing set of tits. I'd like to rub my face and hands all over them."

Julie leaned toward me and asked softly, "So what's stopping you?" With an invitation like that, I needed no further encouragement. I leaned over and fastened my lips on hers. Her tongue slid between my teeth and attacked mine. She was fantastic; I wanted to gobble her up. Rubbing her breasts through her shirt, I took a nipple between my thumb and forefinger and squeezed. She groaned as I ran both hands down her waist and then slipped them up under her shirt.

Massaging her soft flesh, I whispered, "Oh, baby, they're so nice. Take off your shirt so I can suck your nipples." I continued to knead her tits and then lowered my head and captured her left nipple between my teeth. Julie groaned louder and held my head in her hands as I swirled my tongue around the pink knob, which hardened with my touch.

"Oh, yes, that's it," she purred. "Suck, baby, suck!" As I moved my lips from one tit to the other, I ran my left hand down over Julie's flat stomach and slid it into her shorts. She gasped as my fingers found her dripping cunt and eased inside her. Like a suction, her pussy muscles grasped my fingers, her hips bucking wildly to meet them. Filled with lust and delight, she reached down and pushed her shorts to her thighs, and I began circling her swollen clit. Spreading her legs wide, she ran her hands over her bobbing breasts and squeezed them tightly. When she asked me to eat her, I didn't hesitate. I moved down her incredible body and clasped both cheeks of her taut ass in my hands. "Ooh," Julie cried out as my tongue rolled over the folds of her cunt. "Oh, Conrad, please don't stop. Shove your tongue up my pussy." And I did, kneading her breasts while I pushed my face against her snatch.

When I couldn't hold back any longer, I unzipped my fly, pulled down my jeans, and she took my throbbing penis and

guided the rosy head to her pulsing slit. "Oh, fuck me," Julie panted, groaning as it slid in. With a hard thrust I buried my rod all the way inside her until my balls rested against her ass. Then, slowly, I withdrew my dick all the way and swiftly rammed it home again.

Her hips rose and fell to meet mine, and she gasped as we ground against one another. Suddenly, she screamed and shuddered with a frantic orgasm that I was sure would wake the kids.

"Oh, Conrad," she moaned, "I want you to fuck me up the ass. I want you to spread my cheeks and shove your big dick up my butt." I could feel my cock pulsating as she whispered her lewd suggestions to me. I guess Julie could feel it too, because she cried out, "Yeah, that's it, baby. Keep it nice and hard for me."

I pulled out of her and looked down at my blue-veiner. It was stiff as a ramrod. "Okay, baby," I said. "You asked for it." I rolled the willing baby-sitter over onto her stomach, spread her legs wide and stuck her rump up in the air.

"Oh, I want your thick cock in my ass," she wailed. "Give it to me." Using the juices from her dripping snatch, I lubricated three of my fingers and slowly snaked first one, then two and finally three fingers into her tight little asshole. The opening was small, but it stretched as I worked my fingers in and out.

"Put your cock in me," she begged, obediently spreading her ass cheeks. I greased my shaft with her pussy juice and made the plunge. My cock didn't fit at first, but once Julie relaxed her sphincters, my penis was soon buried deep in her bunghole. She cried out sharply from the pain, but after a few thrusts she began to move her hips against mine.

"Ooh, it's so big," she moaned, "so big." Slowly we picked up the rhythm. I pounded deep inside her bowels, harder and faster, while she took me on a wild, bucking ride. She moaned with each thrust and began to finger her dripping slit, while I kneaded her breasts and fucked her asshole. Gasping and shuddering, she began to twist and writhe beneath me in orgasm. A few seconds later I shot an endless stream of jism into her quivering anus and rolled off the exhausted, sweat-soaked baby-sitter.

When I looked at the TV screen, the credits were on. We'd been fucking for almost an hour! I kissed her, got dressed and left, not wanting to be caught hanging around when my sister came home. Julie and I have had many such encounters since then, but I'm still checking out Jane's other baby-sitters. I'm just waiting until I find another one curled up on the couch, watching an X-rated flick with her hands down her pants. When I do—look out, sweet thing, here I *come!* 🍆



# Beaver Hunt

It's time once again for our monthly roundup of titillating talent from across the country. Don't be the last on the block to submit your own entry to HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*. If you know a young lady who likes to show off, she could win \$100 and a

spot in the limelight. Send those entries (preferably more than one color photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. (All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.) Use the model release on page 102, and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the \$100.



Photo by Boyfriend



Twenty-year-old Candice is a Phoenix, Arizona, college student who says her hobbies are traveling, old rock 'n' roll and fucking in strange places. Someday she wants to star in a porn film with her well-hung boyfriend.

Photo by Kerry



Ravishing Rhonda, 18, works as a waitress in Wichita Falls, Texas. She enjoys art and hiking, and fantasizes about being licked all over her body while lying on a sunny seashore.



Thirty-eight-year-old Wendy of Missouri has a variety of hobbies, including dancing, horses, music and screwing. Fantasies are nothing new to her, since Wendy works for a phone-sex business. Her personal favorite is to lie nude on the beach at night and let the waves wash up against her clit.



Photo by Alex

Photo by Husband



Sandy is a 31-year-old housewife from Alexandria, Virginia. She enjoys the beach, where she likes to swim and sunbathe nude. But she says her favorite hobby is giving head to her husband.

Photo by Steve



Douglas, Wyoming's Beth is a 26-year-old cashier who likes golf, travel and shopping for clothes. She dreams of being a nude centerfold and a high-fashion model.





Photo by Husband



Krystal, 24, is a Glendale Heights, Illinois, secretary who's into painting and dog grooming. Her fantasy is to be in a harem and have three guys filling all her holes.

Photo by Husband



Jennifer, 24, is a factory worker and housewife in Columbus, Ohio. She enjoys arts, crafts and nature, and her fantasy is to seduce a police officer. "I want to take the law into my own hands," Jennifer claims.

Photo by Husband



Tammy is an 18-year-old Shawnee, Oklahoma, housewife who loves tennis, swimming and sex-though "not necessarily in that order." Her fondest fantasies are to have sex with her husband and another man and to be a HUSTLER centerfold.





Photo by Husband



Woodbury, Minnesota's Marie, 26, is a housewife who enjoys walking, lying in the sun and doing things in the outdoors. She dreams of making love in new and different ways to please her husband.

Delectable Debbie hails from San Pedro, California. This 26-year-old secretary enjoys dancing, softball and sunbathing, and she wants to go to a nudist colony someday with her husband.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Tony

Eighteen-year-old Rainey is a cashier from Oxnard, California. She studies the martial arts and daydreams about making passionate love on a tropical beach.





Photo by Boyfriend



The pride of Independence, Missouri, Melody is into nude sunbathing. This 25-year-old nurse dreams of being fucked by two men at the same time on the beach at night.

Photo by Friend



Kandy is a 20-year-old dancer from Portland, Oregon. She likes cutting hair and sewing, and fantasizes about being on an island with three dark-haired blue-eyed men.

*One for the Ladies*

Photo by Friend



Theo, 20, is a computer operator from Pennsylvania. He's into horseback riding, backpacking and swimming, and dreams of having a threesome on the beach in the moonlight.





## HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 14)

The object of the game is to smack somebody on the opposite team with a basketball. Anyway, a wild throw sailed out the door and into the hallway. We heard a sound like a sack of potatoes hitting the ground, followed by a groan. We peeked out the door and saw Coach Bartel, the meanest coach in the school, sitting on the floor holding his paunchy stomach and looking like he was gonna toss his cookies at any moment.

Everyone took off like a shot, but I'm the one who got caught. Coach hauled me back to my deserted homeroom and told me to sit down and shut up until he came back to notify me to leave. I gave him the finger as the door shut and the lock clicked into place.

I eventually fell asleep. When the wall clock buzzed, I bolted upright and realized it was 5:15 in the evening. Coach hadn't come back, and now I was locked in. I didn't panic—I knew Fred the janitor would be arriving eventually.

Well, when somebody finally did show up, around 6:30, it wasn't Fred, but the Queen of Knockers herself. I told Miss Janet what had happened, and she said that as long as I was there, I might as well help her clean out her desk. Eventually she noticed that I was walking strangely (a

raging hard-on will do that to you) and asked if I was all right.

"Fine, Miss Janet," I lied in a stammering voice. "I'm just a little stiff . . . uh . . . from sitting down so long."

When she bent over to begin clearing out the bottom files, I knew I couldn't stand much more. Her green skirt had ridden up her back, leaving much of that delectable round ass exposed. She was wearing tight pink panties, and the shadow of her pubic mound was plainly visible, straining against the silky fabric. My cock ached as if it were caught in a vise.

My hands began moving as if they had a life of their own, descending right on the warm cheeks of Janet's ass. I was paralyzed, waiting for the screams of shocked outrage. Instead, she stood and faced me, looking me in the eyes for a long time. Then she smiled and removed her glasses. Her eyes were bright blue.

"You're a troublemaker, aren't you?" she said softly. "Troublemakers need discipline." She laughed and reached under her skirt, lifting it and sliding her panties down those long sleek legs all in one smooth motion. Her bush was brunet, just like her head. Seeing the bulge in my jeans, she reached out and pulled down my zipper. My engorged penis leaped out like a trained lion on command.

A moment later I watched the head of my rod disappear between Janet's red

lips. At first all she did was run her tongue over the end of it, tasting it. But then she began to really suck hard, and I couldn't hold back. I started thrusting my hips forward, slowly at first, then faster. My prick was sliding deep in and out of those hungry lips.

She gagged a bit, but didn't lose it. She grasped my cock around the middle and kept sucking greedily. I was almost ready to explode, but then she stopped and let my dick slide out of her mouth. She grinned. "You're not going to be bad anymore, are you?" she asked me.

I gasped, "No."

She put her hand in the middle of my chest and pushed me back across the desk. My prick was still erect and shining with her saliva. She quickly straddled me, letting herself sink low enough so that the head of my rod just barely grazed the lips of her cunt. She started a little back-and-forth motion, rubbing the head with her pussy lips, inflaming me all the more. If I didn't come soon, I would lose my mind!

"You're going to behave from now on?" Janet asked.

"Yes!" I cried out in misery.

"Promise?"

"Yes! Yes!" I screamed.

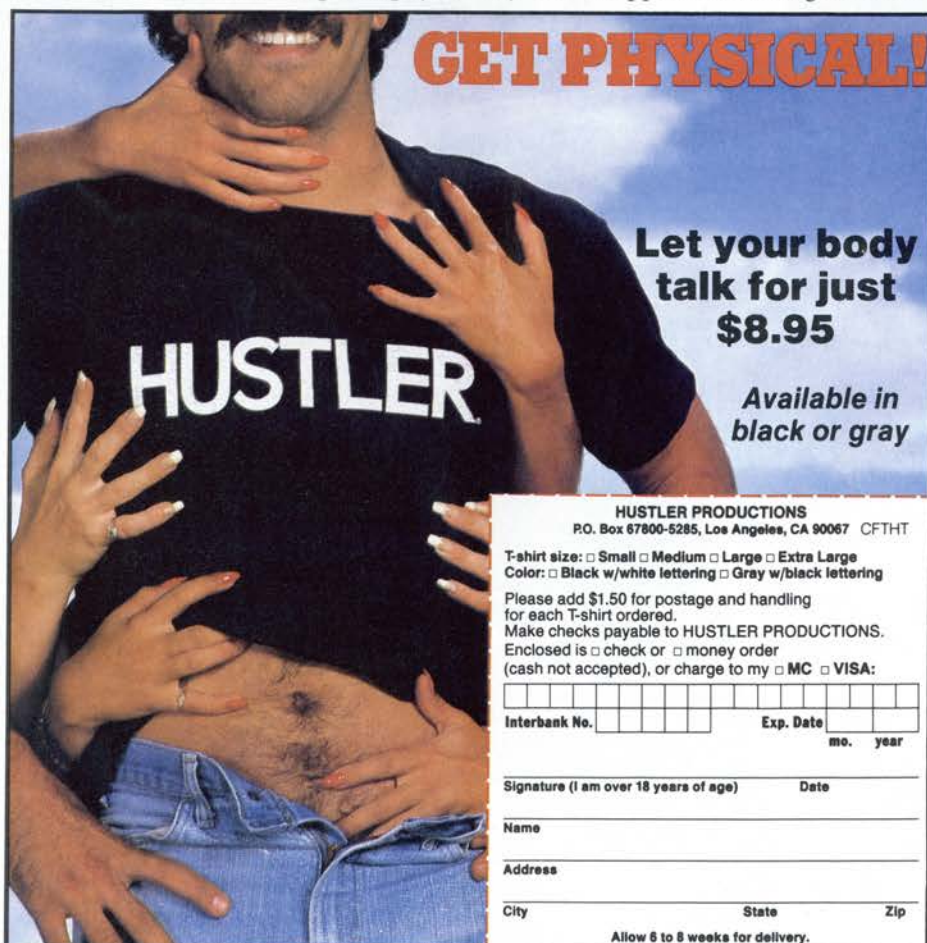
Taking pity at last, she guided my throbbing member to the right spot and sank down on it. My cock plunged into her juicy warm cunt with a wet squishing noise, and I started making all kinds of garbled sounds deep in my throat. She rode me, bouncing up and down, squeezing me with her thighs until my overheated prick could withstand no more.

Groaning, I thrust upward, grabbed her around the midsection and came explosively. Janet hung onto my bucking body, her internal muscles wringing every last drop out of me.

After we'd both caught our breath, I wanted to get at those legendary boobs and do a little tit-munching. I finally persuaded her to remove her blouse and bra. Jesus! There they were at last! I placed my mouth around one of those sweet pink nipples. Janet began moaning as I sucked away on her right tit while fondling her left. But just when the going was getting good, Janet looked up at the wall clock. It was 7:15, and Fred would soon be making his rounds. I released those succulent melons, and we hurriedly rearranged our clothes. I kissed my homeroom teacher goodbye and never saw her again.

In a way I owe it all to Coach Bartel. So if you're out there, Coach, you're still an asshole. But thanks for getting me one of the best lays I've ever had.

—Art C.  
Newark, New Jersey



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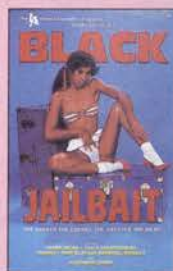
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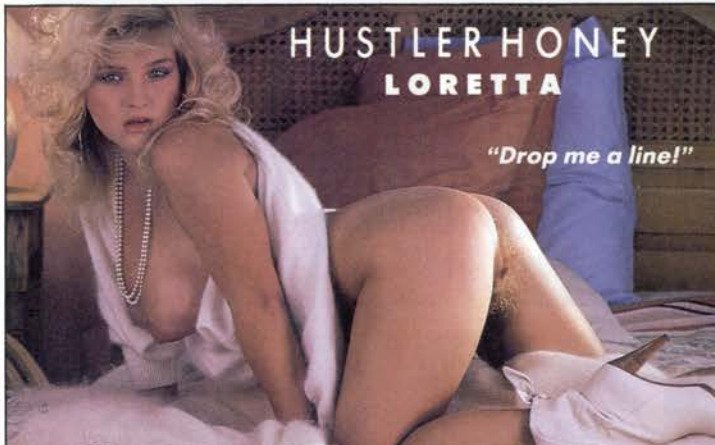
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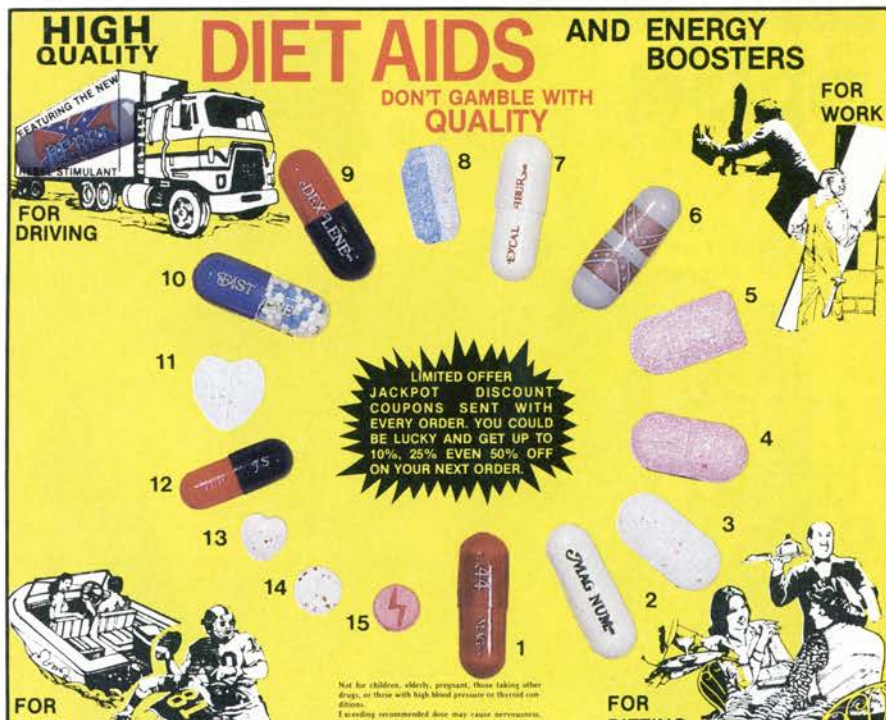
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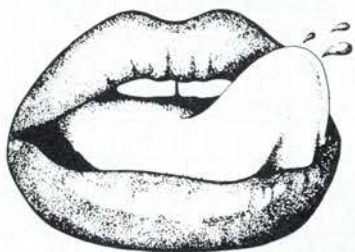
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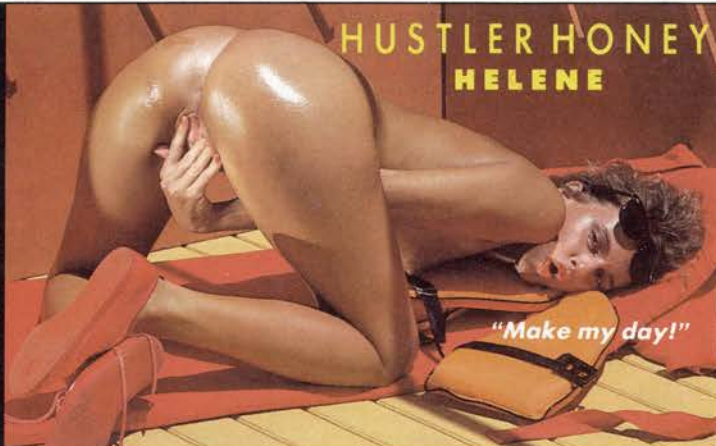
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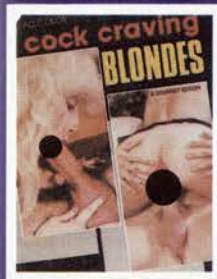
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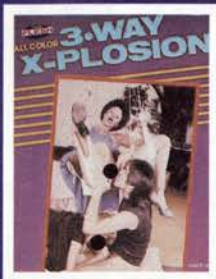
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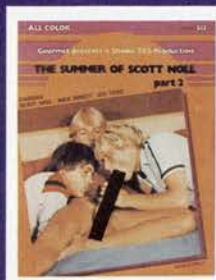
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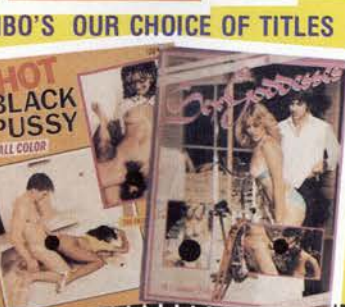
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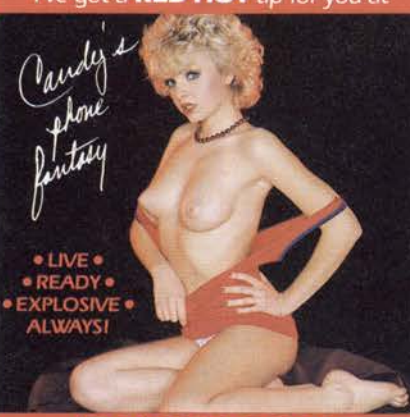
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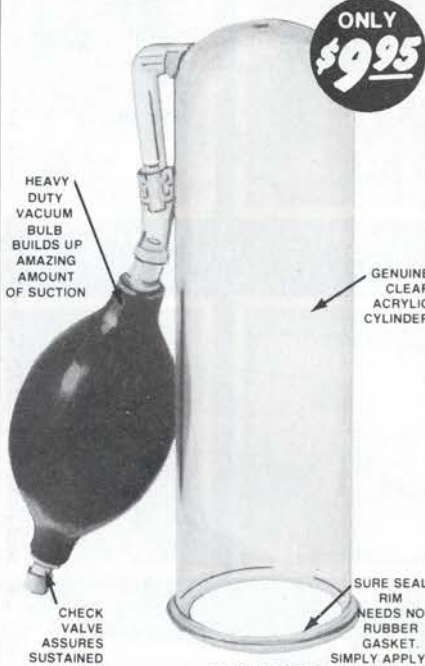


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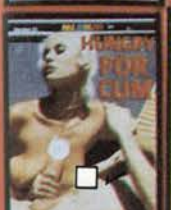
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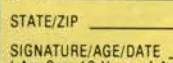
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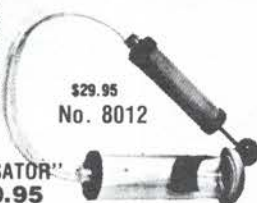
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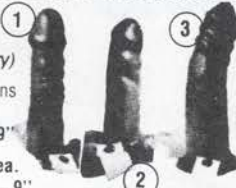
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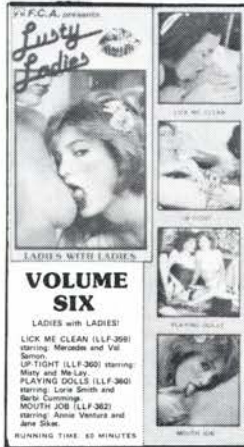


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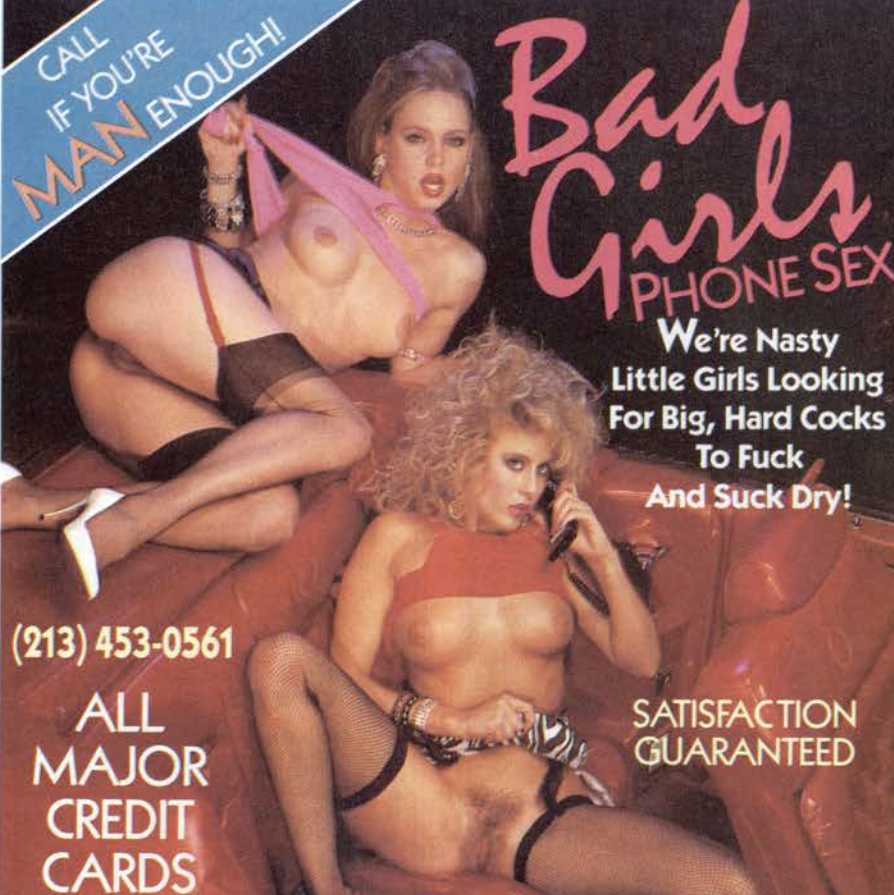
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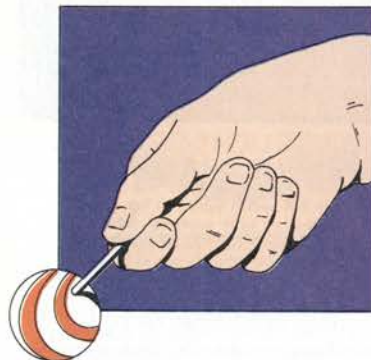
In the wake of child-molestation cases across the nation, America has been swept into a wave of shock and suspicion. Now, in Stephanie Ross's frightening *Interview With a Child Molester*, find out exactly what goes on in the twisted mind of someone who finds sexual satisfaction by molesting our youth.

## THE MOB IN THE WHITE HOUSE?

What do CIA Director William Casey, Teamster chief Jackie Presser, ex-Secretary of Labor Ray Donovan and U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt all have in common? According to reporter Murray Waas, not only are these people close friends with our President, but they also have strong ties to organized crime. Find out more about the Administration's financial and social relationship with the underworld in the exposé *Ronald Reagan and the Mob*.

## PLUS A WHOLE LOT MORE . . .

Besides our other fantastic regular features, *Comic Relief* offers some choice words of wit, *Melody Makers* continues to give you the inside scoop on the sordid world of rock 'n' roll, and *Hot Letters* provides more juicy tidbits from some of our lusher readers. Warning: The outrageous August '85 issue of HUSTLER will knock your socks off!





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